BRITANNIA and EVE

FEBRUARY, 1953
TWO SHILLINGS

TWIN FOIL

THE GIRL who makes her Braemar double for a dozen different dates is smart. She knows the timeless classic line will pile up fashion points in her wardrobe—a subtle foil for suave accessories that key it to so many changing scenes, both glamorous and gay.

Soft and lovely Braemars have a magic all their own —a substitute *could* only be a compromise. Warm and weightless, colourful and rare, the sheer *craftsmanship* makes you regain your belief in absolute perfection. And wonderful news! For the first time since you can remember there are actually *more* Braemars about—Lambswool and smooth fine worsted Botany, as well as some spun silk.

Seek them out, then see and feel them for yourself. Such heavenly colours, such *downy* softness; Braemars have just that practical *adaptability* that's right in line with life as lived today! Fashion-clever girls *will* have them, just you see!

BRAEMAR

BRAEMAR KNITWEAR LIMITED, HAWICK, SCOTLAND

Something to reflect upon

—a reminder of the mirror-like polish that Stephenson's Furniture Cream gives. Experience has proved that nothing is superior to the fine emulsified waxes in Stephenson's for keeping a beautiful surface on good furniture

Stephenson's FURNITURE CREAM

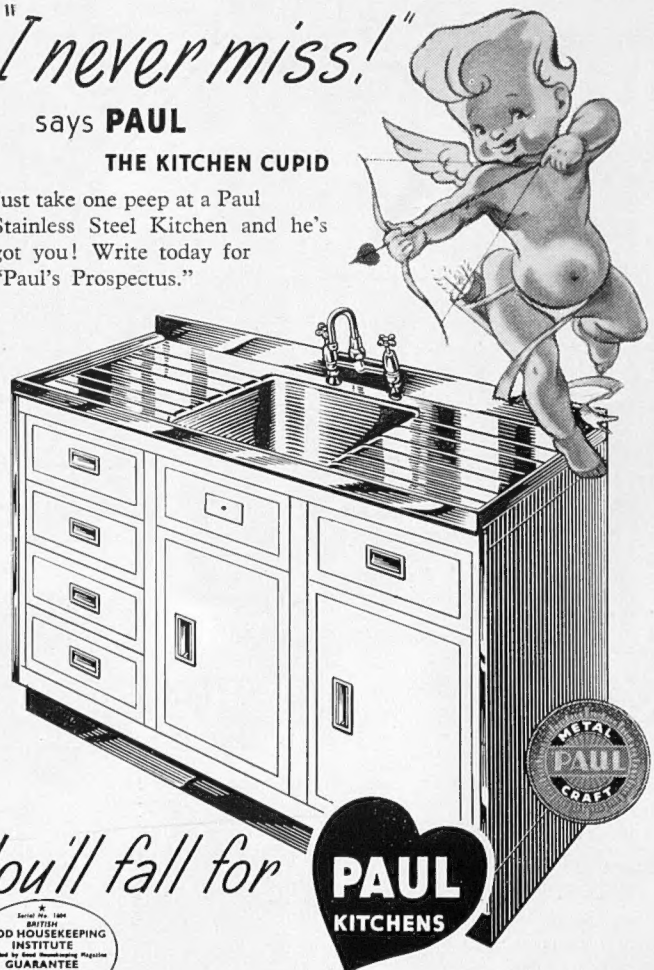
for a Mirror-like Surface

"*I never miss!*"

says **PAUL**

THE KITCHEN CUPID

Just take one peep at a Paul Stainless Steel Kitchen and he's got you! Write today for "Paul's Prospectus."



You'll fall for **PAUL KITCHENS**

BRITISH GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE GUARANTEE

W. H. PAUL LTD. BREASTON DERBY

London Showrooms: 7 Royal Arcade, Old Bond Street, W.1

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 46 No. 2 FEBRUARY, 1953

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s. 0d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

CONTENTS

Cover Photograph—*The Feminine Touch*

Articles

End Of The Lean Years
by *Guy Livingston*
Illustrations
by *M. Wetherbee* 9 and 55–56

The New Undergraduette
by *Alan Brien* 10–11

The Women Who Go To Jail
by *Ferdinand Tuohy* 12 and 57–58

The Days Of Tut-Ankh-Amun
Story and illustrations
by *R. Hodgson* 13–16

Window Box Gaiety
by *Alexander Dilke*
Illustrations
by *Pauline Baynes* 17 and 56

A Model Life 18–19 and 63

Growing Up To Royalty
by *Nicholas Mortimer*
Illustrations
by *S. Porgozelski* 20–21 and 58–59

Polls And People
by *Ruth Miller* 25 and 63

Women at Work
by *Pamela Fry* 29 and 53

I'll Show You Gentians
by *C. Henry Warren* 30–31 and 54–55

All The Proof You Need
by *Muriel Segal* 32–33

Books :
Reviewed
by *Trevor Allen* 34 and 52

Focus On Fireplaces
by *Michael Sheridan* 38–39

Beauty Up To Date
by *Chrysis* 40–41

Knitting :
A Jacket For Spring 42 and 53
Dress For A Two-Year-Old 43

Shopping For You 44–45

Cradles Will Rock
by *Barbara Sim*
Illustration
by *Michael Rivett* 46

Down With Cod
by *Janet Darby* 48 and 54

Stories

The Runaways
by *Jon Cleary*
Illustrations
by *D. L. Mays* 5–8 and 62–63

A Cucumber For The Duchess
by *Vera Wynn Griffiths*
Illustrations
by *S. Tresilian* 22–24 and 64

The Green-Eyed Monster
by *Barbara Goolden*
Illustrations
by *D. L. Wynne* 26–28 and 50–52

Tomorrow At Noon
by *Thurman Warriner*
Illustrations
by *Victor Bertoglio* 35–37 and 59–61

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," Ingram House, 195–198 Strand, London, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland and Foreign Postage for this issue is 3d. Canada 1½d.

LA MARQUISE DE LEVIS MIREPOIX *is enthusiastic about Pond's Dry Skin Cream. She says, "I find this rich Cream exceptionally softening."*

After 25—

GUARD AGAINST DRY SKIN

WHAT CAN YOU DO when your mirror spies out the first warning signs of dry skin?

Those flaky patches and tiny lines are telling you that the oils which keep the skin young and supple are beginning to decrease. Your skin may lose 20 per cent of its softening oil before you are 40.

Take over the job yourself. Start using Pond's Dry Skin Cream. This Cream is best because:

1 ***It is rich in lanolin, very like the skin's own oils.***
2 ***It is homogenized to soak in.***
3 ***It has a softening emulsifier.***

HELP YOUR SKIN LIKE THIS:

Lanolin-soften by night. After cleansing, smooth Pond's Dry Skin Cream generously over your face. Massage it in thoroughly, leaving a light, softening film all night. Dry skin "drinks up" this rich cream. Lines and roughness are smoothed away.

Lanolin-protect by day. If your skin is very dry, stroke in a touch of Pond's Dry Skin Cream before you make up, and be sure of day-long, soothing protection.

Pond's Dry Skin Cream costs 2/9 and 5/6 a jar.

FREE If you would like a free sample of this wonderful lanolin-rich Cream, send a card with your name and address in block letters to Dept. BE5, Pond's, Perivale, Greenford.

DRY SKIN?

This is the answer

to South Africa

for sunshine playgrounds

and scenic grandeur

And . . . to make your journey there the high-light of your holiday, travel by Union-Castle. Comfortable cabins, spacious promenade decks, excellent cuisine, attentive service . . . in fact everything aboard a Union-Castle liner conspires to ensure that you enjoy every thrilling minute of your fourteen days at sea.

FIRST-CLASS
EXCURSION
FARES TO
SOUTH AFRICA
in May and June
SAVE YOU 20%

by UNION-CASTLE

for comfort all the way

Head Office: 3 Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3. MAN 9104
West End Passenger Agency: 125 Pall Mall, S.W.1. Or Agents

Use Bairns-Wear wool and you knit extra cosiness and long life into your loving work. There's a Bairns-Wear wool and instruction leaflet for every need from cradle to teen-age. The Jersey illustrated is for a girl of 8 to 10 years and is knitted from 4 ozs. of Bairns-Wear Juvena 3-ply botany wool, plus a small quantity of 3 colours for the gay pattern. Leaflet No. 1352, price 3d. from your Wool Shop or 4½d. post paid from the address below.

Catalogue illustrating 150 Knitting Designs . . . .

FREE!

Send a 2½d. stamp for the big, new Bairns-Wear Book containing 150 photos of Bairns-Wear knitted garments for babies, boys and girls, each with the appropriate instruction leaflet quoted.

BAIRNS-WEAR

specially spun for Babies & Children

BAIRNS-WEAR LTD., Dept. BW9, HUCKNALL ROAD, NOTTINGHAM

CVS—B59

Exquisite sheets, pillowcases and towels by

Horrockses

the Greatest Name in Cotton

FOR **Acid Indigestion**

***SO QUICK** to relieve acidity*

. . . easing stomach upsets and restoring calm, natural digestion.

***SO PLEASANT** to taste*

. . . their mild mint flavour appeals to everyone; chew them just like a sweet.

***SO HANDY** for pocket or bag*

. . . nothing bulky to carry; ready at hand, whenever the need arises.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA' (REGD.)
TABLETS

30 Tablets 1/5 • 75 Tablets 2/10 • 150 Tablets 4/11

A PROVEN PRODUCT OF THE CHAS. H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., LTD.

Since I've had my new gas cooker...

I'm using far less gas

Good News! The NEW gas cookers show a profit. 3 therms of gas now do the work that needed 5 therms in many of the older models. They grill and boil faster, oven-cook to perfection and clean easily. Exchange is no robbery—especially when an old cooker is replaced by one of the modern type using less gas. It will be the pride and joy of your kitchen, and give you more leisure for pleasure. Then you'll be saving money by saving gas, and, what's more, saving the nation's precious fuel.

SEE THE DEMONSTRATIONS AT YOUR GAS SHOWROOMS

3 therms of **GAS**
now do the work of 5

ISSUED BY THE GAS COUNCIL

Distinctive jacket of Embros trimmed with Beaver Lamb.

Look for this label

MADE IN ENGLAND
from
TESCAN
TRADE MARK REG'D IN GT. BRITAIN
Fur Skins

and you find good fur

It's the fur behind the fashion that counts. That's why now, more than ever, clever women rely on the Tescan label. It is their *guarantee* of specially selected skins—as lasting as they're lovely !

Tescan skins offer top value for money. See them in good class stores or write for the free Tescan brochure. It shows a wide range of new models in Mincella, Lucca, Leopard Lamb and other fine Tescan furs.

Beaver Lamb; colours—Dark Brown, Shadow, Tescan-Nu.

Tescan

WORCESTER HOUSE, VINTNERS' PLACE, LONDON, E.C.4

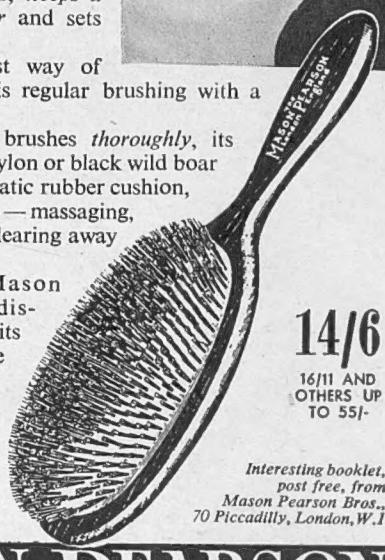
The Secret of this Lovely Setting

. . . is healthy hair! For hair that is in good condition takes a permanent wave better, *keeps a permanent wave longer* and sets more beautifully.

The simplest, surest way of keeping hair healthy is regular brushing with a Mason Pearson brush.

A Mason Pearson brushes *thoroughly*, its slender spired tufts of nylon or black wild boar bristles, set in a pneumatic rubber cushion, reach right to the scalp — massaging, stimulating, aerating, clearing away dust and dandruff.

A touch with a Mason Pearson lifts every disarranged strand into its right place, restoring the set to its proper formation. And remember—*brushing with a Mason Pearson improves a permanent wave.* Ask at your chemist's, hairdresser's or stores.



14/6
16/11 AND OTHERS UP TO 55/-

Interesting booklet, post free, from Mason Pearson Bros., 70 Piccadilly, London, W.1

MASON PEARSON
London England

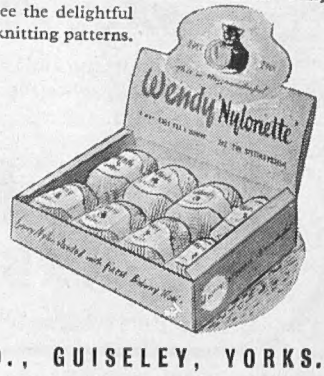
Yours for 8/-

ONLY 4 ozs. TO KNIT!

*

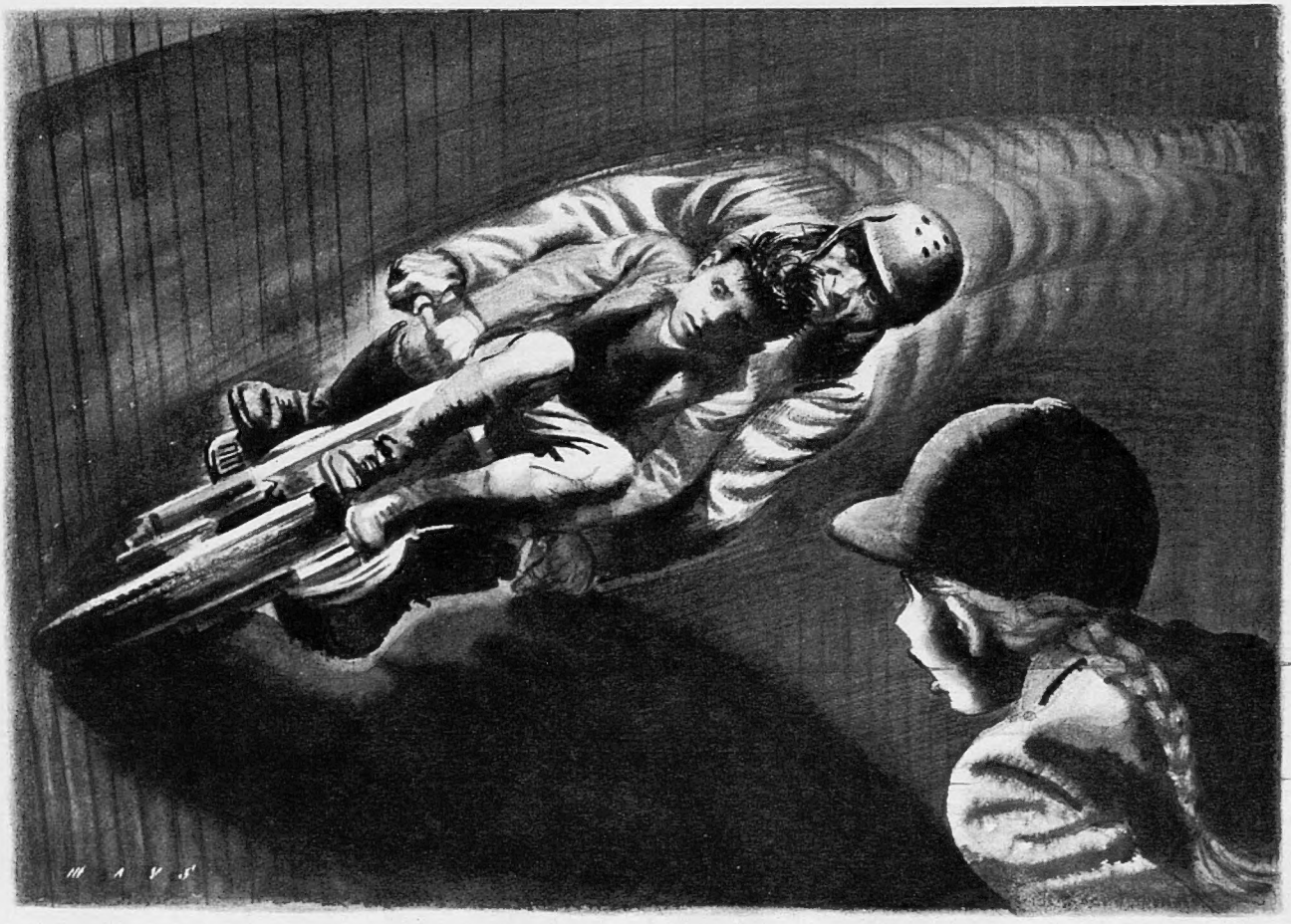
Luxurious, long-wearing nylon, blended with finest botany wool . . . soft . . . washable . . . glamorous . . . economical . . . and in lovely pastel shades. Ask your local wool shop for the new Wendy 'Nylonette' in 1 oz. balls, and see the delightful easy knitting patterns.

Leaflet 521, obtainable through your local wool shop price 4d. or 5½d. post free from Dept. A, CARTER & PARKER LTD., GUISELEY, NEAR LEEDS.



Wendy Nylonette

CARTER & PARKER LTD., GUISELEY, YORKS.



Round and round the bike flew, faster and faster, till it seemed to be stuck in one place on the moonlit side of the wall, a silver blurr and a dead-white face. She could see the terror on Phil's face.

The Runaways

An Amusing Short Story

By JON CLEARY

THEY were watching the man choke on the sword when Phil said, "I 'm going to run away from home."

"When ?" Catherine said, wondering if the man would bleed very much.

"To-night," Phil said. "I know what it will be like, now I 've won this ribbon. Mother and Dad will do nothing else on the programme for the next week but show me off as though I were the atom bomb or something. And I can guess what Mother's column will be like."

"They 'll talk and write about you if you buzz off," Catherine said, and leaned forward as the man began to turn red in the face.

"Sure," Phil said. "But I shan't be there to put up with it."

Suddenly the man swallowed the sword. It disappeared down his throat, with the handle of it sticking out of his mouth like a great swollen tongue, and the crowd clapped dispiritedly. Catherine turned away and looked at Phil, her big solemn eyes at last showing interest.

"Where will you go ?" She knew how Phil hated his life. There were plenty of kids who would have given a cartload of box-tops to be the son of Cobber and Sandy Champion. Cobber was Australia's biggest radio star and Sandy had once been Miss Australia. They were always busy, from the time they got up in the morning to start their breakfast radio programme till they went to bed with the memo pad beside them telling them how busy they would be to-morrow. Catherine had often wondered how they had had time to get Phil born. He had been on the breakfast programme at three months—"with his mother giving a spoon-by-spoon description of his eating habits," as Catherine's father had remembered it—and he had been on it ever since. He was now eleven, the same age as Catherine, and she supposed it was time he should run away. "What will you do for money ?"

"I 'M going to Alice Springs," Phil said, choosing the remotest place he could think of. "And it doesn't matter about money. I heard my Dad say the other day that it doesn't mean much nowadays."

Catherine had heard her own father say the same thing. The thought of her father reminded her that she had promised to be home by six o'clock. This was the last day of the Royal Easter Show, Sydney's big event of the year, and it was the only day at least one of the four parents had not been along to see her and Phil ride in the children's events. On the opening day last week Cobber and Sandy had made a personal appearance on the big platform in the centre of the main ring and had stolen the show from the Governor. Catherine could remember how disgusted Phil had looked, but he had said nothing. To-day, however, they were on their own and were expected home at six o'clock.

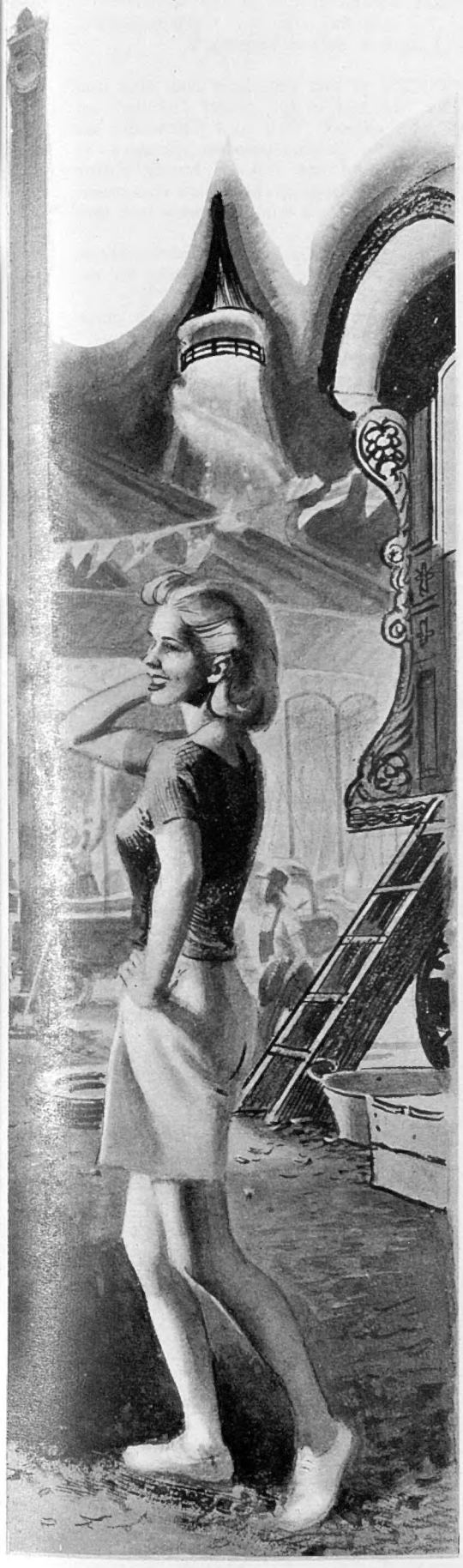
The man had begun to regurgitate his sword, so they strolled on toward the booth of the Fattest Girl in the World. Catherine said, "There 'll be an awful lot of trouble."

"I know that," Phil said. "I 'm going to feel sorry for Mother and Dad. But

ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. L. MAYS

The Tallest Man in the World and the Shortest Man came into the light, and the Fattest Girl shed a tear which ran down over her immense body.

Phil had quite decided to run away from home. "I'm coming with you," said Catherine, "because Mother once said that men can't get along without their women."



my mind 's made up. I want to live my own life. I 'll be all right," he said belligerently.

They went in to see the Fattest Girl shaking like a great white mountain as she laughed, tickled by some huge enjoyment.

" Fat people are always happy," Catherine said. " That 's why my father won't let Mother go on a diet."

" Your mother isn't fat," Phil said.

" *She* thinks she is," Catherine said.

" It 's a great life, isn't it ? " the Fattest Girl said to them, and laughed till they thought she would fall apart.

THEN they had come out of that booth and moved on down the street to see the Living Head. They stood staring at the smiling head, wondering how it lived without a stomach, and finally Catherine said, " I 'm coming with you."

Phil looked at her. " You haven't got to, you know. What will your mother say ? "

" It 'll be Dad who will say something," Catherine said. " But I 'm coming with you because Mother once said that men need their women."

" You hit it on the head there, kid," said the Living Head, and winked at her.

" Thank you," Catherine said. " Are there any male Living Heads ? "

" Not that I know of, kid," said the Living Head.

" What do you do for company ? " Catherine said.

" I get along, kid," said the Living Head, and winked at her again.

The two children went out into the slow, noisy stream of the crowd. The sun had fired the sky behind the pavilions : long shadows lay on everything like scorch-marks. People went by looking tired and a little lost. The lights came on suddenly, chasing the shadows into corners, and the current seemed to run into the people. Their faces came alive, they began to move faster, laughing and shouting, and Catherine and Phil were carried along with them.

" I want to see the world," Phil said : he shouted to make himself heard, and his voice floated away above the crowd like a challenge.

People turned and laughed at him, and a man slapped him on the back. " Join the Navy, then, son. They 're looking for sailors."

" I 'm looking for a sailor," a girl said, and her painted mouth was smudged across her face in a hoarse laugh. " You seen one on the loose ? "

" Let 's go on the ferris wheel," Catherine said, and in a moment she and Phil were swinging high above the world : Catherine reached for a star, but the wheel was still turning and they went down to the shouting crowd that seemed to laugh and clutch at them, then they were swinging high again, but the stars had gone behind a cloud and the sky was lonely.

" I 'M going to be all right," Phil said. " You 've heard what Dad says : there 's nothing to be afraid of if you 're true to yourself."

" What 's it mean ? "

" Shakespeare said it," Phil said. " ' This above all, to thine own self be true '——"

" Stop showing off," Catherine said. " What 's it mean ? "

" I don't know," Phil said.

" Then how will you know when you 're true to yourself ? " Catherine said. " What happens if everyone else isn't true ? "

" Let 's get off," Phil said. " We 'll go on the merry-go-round."

They went on the merry-go-round, the dodge-'ems, the slippery dip, then they were standing in front of the boxing booth.

" Righto, who 'll give it a go ? " The man had a voice like a rusty bugle. " Who wantsa stay three rounds with Young Jackson ? Five quid for anyone who stays three rounds with the champ here ! "

Young Jackson, old and battered, stared woodenly into space. Beside him stood three other boxers, arms folded, not moving a muscle, bored as statues. On the end of the platform a fifth boxer, his bald head glistening, his eyes beaten back into his glove-worn face, banged away at a big drum, having the time of his life.

" RIGHTO, who 'll have a go ? " the spruiker roared, and a youth, hat at a cocky angle, stepped forward to have a go. The crowd began to move toward the ticket-box.

" Gee, I 'd like to see that ! " Phil said, but the sign said : " Nobody Under 16 Admitted."

" Why do men always want to fight ? " Catherine said.

" You wouldn't understand," Phil said. " You 're only a girl."

" There wouldn't be any fighting if everybody was only a girl," Catherine said.

" Crikey, that would be dull ! " Phil said, and looked after the crowd disappearing into the booth. " I hope Young Jackson murders him."

" Why ? " Catherine said.

" Champions should never be beaten," Phil said. " It isn't right."

" Who said that ? " Catherine said. " Your Dad or Shakespeare ? "

" Very funny," Phil said. " Why don't you go on radio ? "

Then they heard the roar of an engine, dying away to an angry growl like that of a lion trapped in a jungle pit. Phil looked about excitedly.

" Where 's that ? You hear it ? The Wall of Death ! "

Catherine nodded calmly over beyond the tents. " I think it 's over there."

Phil began to run, darting through the crowd like a fish through a rock-filled stream. It was quite a way to the Wall of Death, farther than the sound of the engine had hinted, and Catherine lost him in the crowd. When at last she caught up with him he was standing before the platform outside the huge wooden pit, staring up at the leathern men and their gleaming motor-bikes.

" You didn't have to run away from *me*," Catherine said, straightening her black velvet riding cap.

Phil hadn't heard her. " Gosh, I wish I was game enough to do that ! Aren't they beauts ? I reckon you 've got to be the bravest men in the world to do that ! "

ONE of the men, hollow-eyed and thin-faced, as if speed had worn his flesh away, looked down at Phil. " That 's us, son. Every man a hero."

" Do you do this every day, all the year round ? " Phil said.

" Every day, except when we 're travelling," the thin man said. " There 's no rest for heroes."

" Have you ever had a crash ? " Phil said. " Been badly hurt ? Nearly died ? "

" An infant ghoul," the thin man said, talking to himself. " They suckle morbidity with their mother's milk."

" There is no need to be vulgar," Catherine said. " He asked you a civil question."

" A thousand apologies, fair one." The thin man creaked stiffly in his leathers as he bowed : Catherine waited to hear his bones snap. " Yes, young man, I 've had crashes. Hundreds of them. I am just a ghost, living on borrowed time——"

" Righto, Harry ! " a man at the end of the platform yelled. " Cut out the mullarkey. Let 's get on with the act ! "

" I am called away to flirt with Death," the thin man said. " You are invited to watch the spectacle. All the thrills of the Roman arena brought up to date. Come and watch the Christians die, son. The charge for admission is only one shilling, and we guarantee not to splash you with blood."

PHIL looked after the man as he climbed down from the platform and disappeared with the other riders through a doorway into the pit. " Crikey, isn't he wonderful ! "

" He was certainly non-cha-lant," Catherine said. " Shall we go and watch ? "

But Phil was already at the box buying their tickets, then they had climbed the steep stairs and were looking down into the wooden pit. At the bottom of it the thin man was just mounting his motor-bike.

" I 'll bet he was a despatch rider in the war," Phil said. " Can't you see him, dodging the shells——"

His voice was lost in the roar of the bike, then it had shot up the ramp on to the wall itself and in a moment the thin man was whizzing round below them. Phil's eyes whirled in their sockets ; his mouth hung open in a continuous gasp. Catherine gazed down into the pit, wondering how the man and his bike managed to stay on the wall, wondering if the whizzing round made him giddy or sick, then the act was over and the thin man had slid the motor-bike gently down to the floor of the pit. He dismounted, swaying slightly, and looked up at the down-turned faces and sneered. Then he caught sight of Phil and Catherine, bowed deeply and made his exit.

" I 'll never be game enough," Phil said, " but I reckon that would be the most wonderful job in the world."

" I wouldn't like it," Catherine said. " I have a delicate stomach."

THEN at last the show was over and the last of the crowd dribbled out of the gates. Phil and Catherine sat beneath a gaudily-painted caravan at the back of the boxing booth, eating hot dogs, watching the crowd disappear, feeling that their running away had now really begun.

Phil nodded up at the caravan above them. " That 's what I 'd like to be. A gipsy."

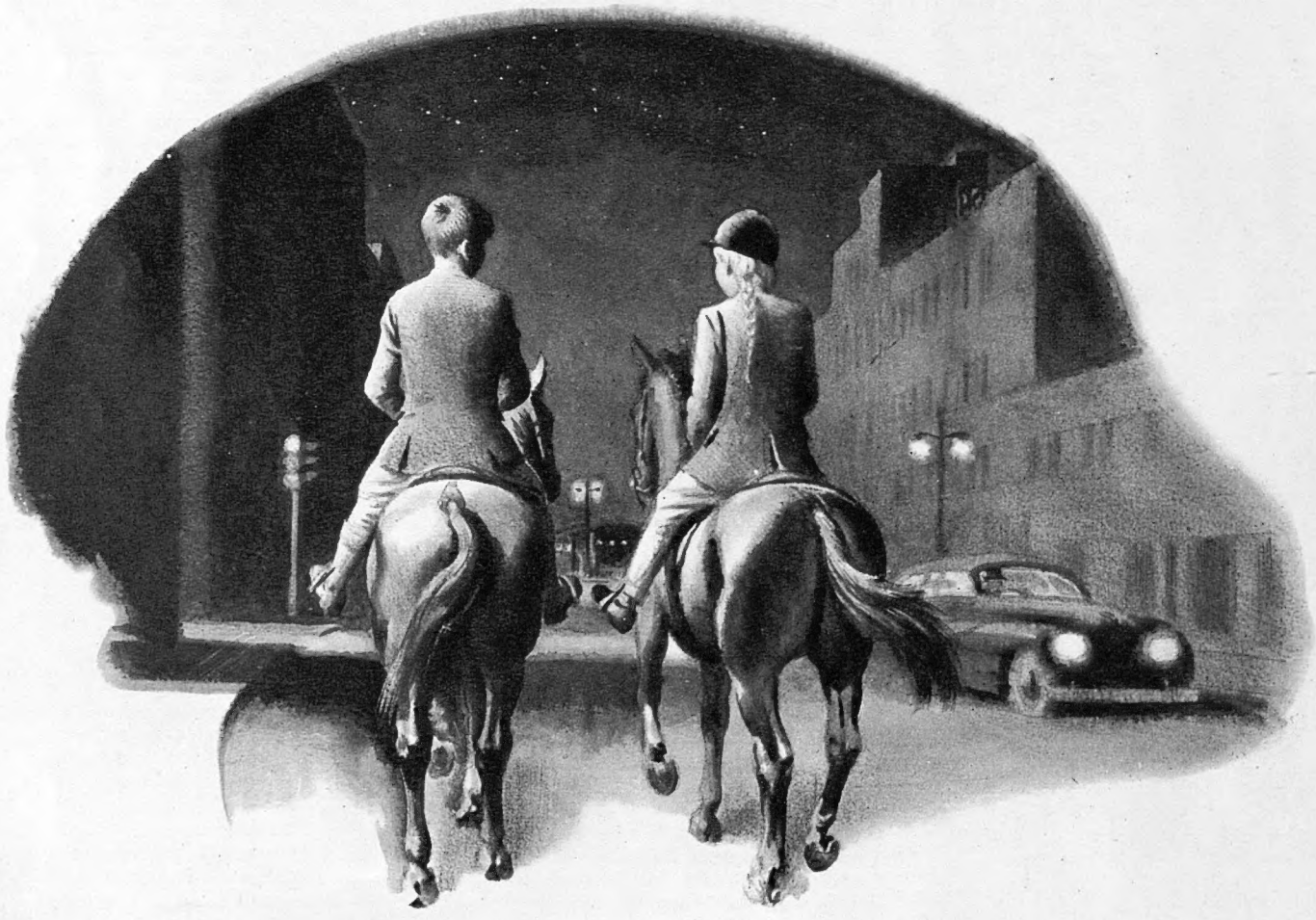
" I don't think there would be much fun in being a gipsy these days." Catherine munched on her third hot dog, careful not to let the mustard drip on her jodhpurs. " People think you 're no good if you don't stay in the one place."

" I wish I 'd been born three hundred years ago," Phil said. " You got knighted in those days for travelling around and discovering new places."

" Trouble is now, there 's nothing left to discover," Catherine said, and they sat and glumly contemplated a world that was too well-travelled.

" Hey, what 's going on under there ? " a voice said.

" We 're just eating hot dogs," Catherine said. " I 'm sorry we haven't one to offer you." (*Continued on page 62*)



The ponies broke into a trot and they went down the silent street between the empty buildings. Ahead of them they could see the lights of the bridge that led over the harbour to home

* end of * the lean years?

GUY LIVINGSTON discusses the possibility of de-rationing all food

WITH belts still tightened and pre-war freedom of eating a distant dream, Britons enter their fourteenth year of food rationing. But recent and forthcoming decontrols (tea last autumn, eggs and bananas this spring) allow these belts to be loosened a notch and even encourage the cheerful speculation—are we now nearing the end of the lean years?

To scrap the ration-book and enjoy again a cheap unregulated plenty of butcher's meat, bacon, fats, sugar, sweets and cheese may be too much to hope in the world's present state. But at least it seems that the Government have no wish to prolong rationing needlessly.

While everyone accepts wartime rationing as a means of equally distributing scarce foodstuffs and relieving shipping space, peacetime austerity is less easy to swallow. But when peace itself is dogged by shortages—either because food remains scarce or there are too few dollars to import it—then rationing (together with subsidies) may be the most palatable way of maintaining fair shares.

But countering ardent supporters of fair shares at all costs are those who see the expense of administering peacetime rationing, plus price controls, as too burdensome. Save the money and man-power devoted to rationing, they say, and use the subsidy instead towards family allowances or tax-relief.

TEA provides a demonstration that terrible things do not always happen when a commodity is decontrolled. Its derationing has dispensed with 375 officials and is saving £135,000 a year, plus much time and trouble in every grocer's shop. Nor has scarcity or a rush to buy caused its price to jump: on the contrary, the comforting herb is actually cheaper than before.

The tale of the decontrolled egg is rather different. Its forthcoming freeing is largely due to the thriving black market in it, whose scale is illustrated by the conviction in a recent six months of 165 people charged with improper egg-dealing.

But whether forced on the Minister of Food or not, the decontrol of eggs will save well over a million a year in running costs, to say nothing of the £22 million subsidy. And there should be plenty for all—at a price, so say the experts, that all can afford.

And if eggs, why not butter—subsidized at £19 million a year and cheaper here than in Europe or Australia? To those who would assail its derationing and de-subsidizing as "class legislation" it could be answered that butter (whose world production is now thirty per cent less than prewar and whose price is generally two or three times higher) is as great a luxury today as chicken or ham, and that luxury foods should not be subsidized.

High on the list for possible de-rationing is sugar. So far from being scarce this shows a world surplus, and the half-million tons by which British demand might rise if it were freed could almost certainly be found. But here the trouble is dollars—though it has been suggested that if people ate more sugar they would eat less bread and so offset this increased dollar cost.

Meat, on the other hand, like butter and other dairy fats, is not a matter of dollars. There is a world shortage of it, and until there is enough to go round it will remain, to the frustration of the housewife and the butcher and all who like a good juicy steak, on the ration-book.

(*Continued on page 55*)

Duffle coats for the fashion conscious

The New

What is she like? ALAN
more feminine and less

THE University today is an outpost in the sex-war. The undergraduettes are more feminine and less feminist than ever before. They no longer try to be men in skirts.

The nicotined fingers and the sensible tweeds, the Eton crops and the heavy brogues, the over-intellectual conversation and unpowdered cheeks have disappeared. Cherry brandy in a delicate glass has replaced the unwomanly pint. University women now carry handbags, not briefcases. They stand in cafés with slightly parted lips, doe eyes focused on infinity, one hip out at an angle, gloved hands folded on a flared umbrella, like the smartest of fashion models. They even wear hats.

After twenty years of aping the brilliant, shaggy men with frayed cuffs and philosophical pipes who ignored them, the women have decided to be themselves. And it works. "Without surprise, there is no love," wrote that forgotten genius Remy de Gourmont. "Men and women must be a perpetual surprise to each other." Never have University men been so surprised, infuriated and absorbed by University women.

IN the thirties, the shadow of the politician lay heavy on the University, and class war divided colleges. Now the beautician reigns supreme. The banner of Freud, not Marx, waves in the quad.

The current Edwardian trend in dress is not just an accident. Oxford is the last place in Britain where women can enjoy all the naughty thrills of an Oscar Wilde heroine. There are formal afternoon tea parties where cucumber sandwiches and epigrams are handed round. Assignations at midnight on the moonlit river where dank willows drip into the punt. At the commemoration balls, striped marquees billow within the renaissance walls, crinolines set off the white tie and tails, jeroboams of champagne foam, and live lobsters crawl out of the silver salad bowl.

Over coffee next morning in the smart café, the events of the previous night are embroidered in many colours. Reputations are made and broken as the saucers rattle. Intimate acquaintance is claimed with the University's miniature celebrities. No undergraduette in the whirl of Oxford society can afford to admit that she missed the first night of the Experimental Theatre Club's production of Noël Coward's *Private Lives* in Elizabethan dress, or failed to be in the gallery when the rising politician made the famous speech which will carry him to the Presidency of the Union.

On the spring afternoon, when the air is fresh and sharp, the trees bare and silvered, and the sky an impossible blue, the Oxford woman will be taken out to one of the sleepy villages like Shipton-under-Wychwood. After a brisk walk, her escort will order tea and buttered scones by the fire in Ye Olde Tea Shoppe. They will then spend the evening among

Undergraduette

BRIEN portrays her as feminist than ever before

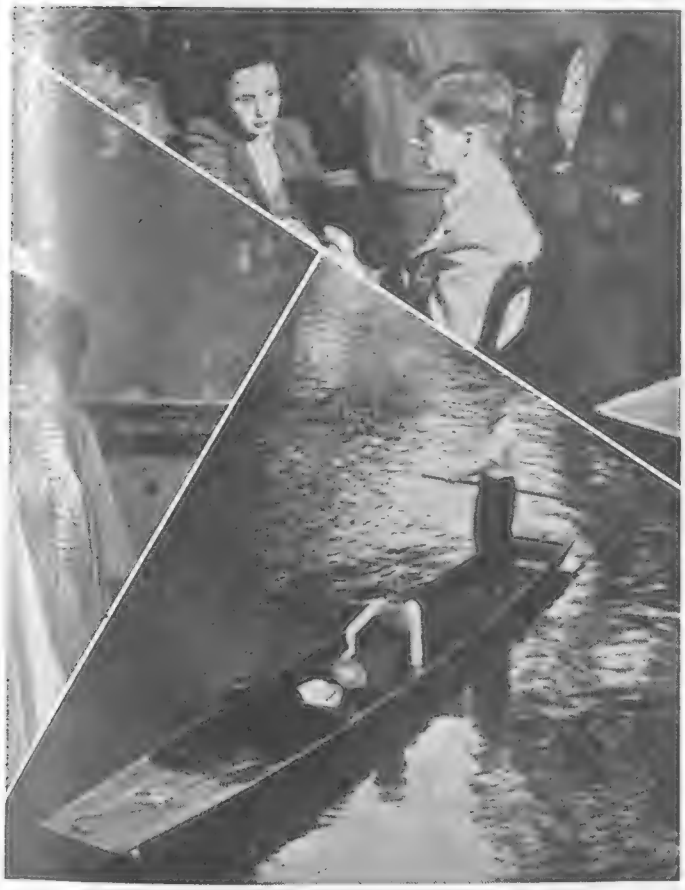
Interlude between lectures at Oxford

the brass warming pans in the village inn, or return to town for a party.

A University party means ninety people packed in one room and all talking at once. The host always says that the punch is more potent than it tastes and, as it tastes of weak tea and soda water, he is probably right.

THESE parties are full of traps for the Undergraduette who, nine times out of ten, comes from a sheltered middle-class home. She may be cornered by the current bore, or embarrassed by the current genius who asks "And who *exactly* are you?" If she gets her name into the gossip column of the University magazines, she may be described, rightly or wrongly, as doing a can-can in the pantry or drinking out of a wellington boot.

There are, of course, more aristocratic parties where the drink does not run out and the food is delicious. These will be given by an Hon. and the guest of honour may be a bishop or an American comedian.



BEING a woman student also has its drawbacks. Her college will be newer, uglier and more isolated than a man's. The atmosphere will be a strange blend of orphanage kitchen and hospital operating theatre. A man will have a suite of rooms, but she will always have a bed-sitter. Every seventh door will open on a chamber packed with ironing boards, gas rings and sinks. It will always smell to the visiting male of singed stockings and boiled cocoa.

She will have little real community life within its walls. Her college societies will be continually on the verge of extinction. In the evening she will have to curl up with a book or cycle into town. The man however has a comfortable club room with a bar where he can tell jokes and read the papers. Even the dullest man's college has *some* lively clubs. The design of his buildings helps a great deal. The rooms are in sets of six or eight leading on to a common staircase, with twelve staircases to a quadrangle. The women's colleges are built in long wings and the rooms are ranged along immense, surgically polished, corridors.

The real truth about the University woman is that socially she cannot survive without the presence of University men. There are no flourishing all-female clubs. There are hardly any women celebrities. Those who are most talked about are the confidantes and associates of outstanding undergraduates. The undergraduette can only make a University social career out of being attractive.

But fortunately in this war of the sexes, fraternization is still encouraged and the meeting of opposing forces gives University life its characteristic air of gaiety.

The Women

Who Go To Jail

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IN the recent spate of prison figures very little was said about women. We were told that the prison population was heavier than it had ever been since the seventies and well over twice what it was before the war. Much was related about male overcrowding and sleeping three in a cell and concerning the rapid increase of youths under some form of detention. But as for how women, young and old, came out of the story—there might almost have been a conspiracy to pipe down on the subject.

Now, in a country of 50 million people a static jail population of 24,000 does not sound much. It is, however, nearly doubled when are included all who pass through our prisons every twelve months. And to this must be added the growing number who escape arrest, together with those who are bound over and punished by fines, where in most other countries they would get prison terms (as for a deal of brazen robbery).

What I am getting at is that, if, as I surmise, Britain's female jailbirds number no more than four or five thousand at any one time, this is no subject for complacent self-congratulation because the total is steadily mounting and women are beginning to present a crime problem of their own. It is time, in fact, to take a step backwards and to observe the prison gates as they swing open to admit their latest forced guests.

ESCORTED to the gate, a released woman prisoner says farewell to Matron before entering the world as a free individual

NOT all are in skirts and, as it happens, clothes represent one of the first explanations we encounter of the growth of female law-breaking. It is quite seriously advanced that, by wearing trousers and copying other male articles of raiment, women—and this obviously applies more to the younger kind—are mentally conditioned into committing acts and crimes which would appear to them in a different light if they stuck to their normal womens' clothes. Some may think the theory far-fetched, yet there is not the slightest shadow of doubt but that the sporting of certain clothes affects human actions.

When you get a young woman garbed like a cosh boy, the chances are she'll be more susceptible to striking out in the same direction than the girl who remains feminine in her appeal. As this story roves abroad for facts, harken to what the Americans have to say about clothes and female offenders :

"By borrowing from the male wardrobe, they are expressing themselves in a more masculine way. In sweat socks and flat-heeled shoes, blue jeans, sweat shirts and leather jackets, it is hard to tell at a distance the difference between the younger women and adolescent youths. The girls look exactly like boys and walk and talk like boys. Hardly a pair of silk stockings are now to be seen in the college class. "To cap matters, many of the girls draw sticks along. The slow but sure effect in many instances is that your young woman proceeds to explore masculine avenues of delinquency."

On the continent of Europe, particularly in war-riven France, Germany and Italy, something of the same dress phenomenon has been observable. Partisan and resistance movements brought about an exceptional degree of promiscuous association by the sexes in circumstances of violence and this bequeathed a tendency to follow unlawful paths on the return to ordinary civil life. Young women have freely been sucked into gangs of greater or lesser criminality. Some take a keen pleasure in showing their boy friends what they can do. Several films have illustrated this angle, while there is recurrent cryptic reference in France to "the J.2s"—criminal youth of both sexes, whose names are not published in court and who usually get off with light sentences.

Yet the females have not stopped short of being very live accessories to murder itself. Hitch-hiking or the "autostop" has given tough babies a liking for this kind of get-rich-quick.

IF news from New England and from Italy is to be credited, we have even come to the woman motor bandit on her own. In the former case three American girls forcibly took a young male motor-cyclist into their car. The Italian report is as follows : "A young labourer, Francesco Carniato, was held up near Venice last night by an armed woman. She took his wages and bicycle, then kissed him heartily and vanished."

Some of the most active black market agents and aids to espionage are women—as case after case has shown. Women can conceal things better on their bodies, for one thing, whether they be stomachers of Swiss watches or files of secret documents. In fact, in the first analysis it comes down to this : women transgressors have much extended their crime radius since the days, earlier this century, when they more or less confined their criminal activities to crimes of passion, jealousy, stealing, prostitution and shoplifting.

With perhaps a little baby-farming thrown in, or other ill-treatment of childhood. That was about all it used to be. Today, on the other hand, women are gradually coming to perpetrate the majority of the crimes in the calendar. They may be only getting their toes wet. But the ice has been broken, the first shock weathered. It is no longer a "sensation" when one reads of women burglars, of women (*Continued on page 57*)

Does the magnanimous treatment in women's prisons break down their anti-social hardness?

TUT-ANKH-AMUN and his queen practice the art of the throwing stick while their slave rushes forward to collect the birds

OLD TALES RETOLD

The Days Of Tut-Ankh-Amun

STORY AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. HODGSON

EGYPT had passed from the rich exuberance of her voluptuous youth to a more staid and restricted middle age.

The buoyant walled freedom of her earlier days was shrouded in a cloak of tradition, every belief and ideal, every design and building was tempered by the past. She was conscious, over-conscious, of the greatness that lay behind her.

Egypt was a country that never lost a belief, never forgot a god, never dismissed an idea, no matter how much it might conflict with newer thought. As a result, a confused conglomeration of parallel beliefs, dual explanations and direct contradiction developed. With a host of gods at her disposal she sometimes demoted, amalgamated or subdivided but she always retained them. Like the desert sun Egypt had risen swiftly from the darkness of her pre-dynastic days and the supreme architects of the pyramids had crowned the greatness of her youth with their indestructable erections.

These gigantic reminders of her past were now ancient monuments, some had been robbed time and time again, yet they were always with her, keeping alive her traditions and guarding her ideals from the onslaught of other beliefs from beyond the Valley of the Nile.

Today we see her coldly classified behind the glass of a museum case. We see her bones, not the rich, warm vigour of her limbs; we see a stone figure, not the gay, colourful procession that once carried it in triumph through the highly painted temple gates; we see her death, not the strange, passionate beauty of her life.

"If you could bring her glories back!
You gentle sirs who sift the dust
And burrow in the mould and must—
Who catalogue and pigeon-hole
The faded splendours of her soul
And put her greatness under glass—
If you could bring her past to pass
If you could bring her dead to life." Ralph Hodgson.

The worship of a single deity was quite foreign to the religious beliefs of the ancient Egyptians

THE birth of Christ was still thirteen hundred years away when a man with a devout belief in one god came to the throne of Egypt.

To us the idea of a single deity is deeply inherent, to the Egyptian of 1,300 B.C. it was an impossible conception and called for the destruction of that comforting backcloth, the elaborate tapestry of the past.

Yet this was what the great Pharaoh Akhenaten asked his people to do. Akhenaten was devout in his worship of the cult of the solar disc, and like many other idealists, the king fought against impossible odds for the day when his people would worship one god. But the new faith disregarded many of the age-old beliefs of the people, cherished traditions were swept aside and the royal reformer was looked on with hatred and fear.

The people clung tenaciously to their old pagan gods, to their belief in Osiris and the faith of Amun, gods inseparable from their everyday life, whose dwelling was no farther away than the shade of some familiar old tree, gods whose kingdom was their village.

It was when El Amarna, the new capital city of Egypt, was completed that Akhenaten's dream had become a reality, and the mighty god Aten, the new Lord of the Empire, was established in his magnificent temple, supreme above the host of old pagan gods.

At last, the god, who was to shine his vivifying rays of sunlight upon the peoples of Egypt, looked down on his Empire, but while his temple was being built the Empire of Egypt had ceased to exist.

The spare, ascetic face of the Pharaoh Akhenaten was showing signs of great weariness; an idealist, with a singleness of heart almost unknown in the world before, he found

TUT-ANKH-AMUN and his queen, Ankh-es-en-pa-Aten, watch the dancing girls in the palace of El Amarna

his self-imposed task of reformation too much to accomplish in his lifetime.

Aten, the strange new deity who was being forced upon them, was too far away and unapproachable for the people's understanding, but Akhenaten persisted in his reformation and complete anarchy was the result.

THE military commanders, unable to comprehend the idealistic mind of their Pharaoh, distrusted him, their loyalty was gone and with it their power to maintain the authority of their king. Syria and Palestine were lost, and the Asiatic caravans plundered.

While, in the city of El Amarna new hymns rang out from the temple of Aten, the priests of Amun were plotting to overthrow the new faith, the whole country was behind them, fermenting with hatred of the dreamer in the royal palace.

To complicate his problem still more, Akhenaten and his queen, Nofretete, had no son to carry their ideas on to unborn generations.

Later in his life when the burden became too much for him, the Pharaoh made some attempt to reconcile himself with the old religion, but the idea so incensed Nofretete that she was banished from the palace together with the king's half brother, Tut-Ankh-Aten.

Akhenaten nominated Smekh-Ka-Re, another half brother, as his successor and towards the end of his life he took his daughter Ankh-es-en-pa-Aten as his wife.

Both he and his successor died at the same time, and the throne of Egypt was empty.

The new monarch was a lad of nine whose very name branded him with the hated cult. Tut-Ankh-Aten (pleasant is the life of Aten) to establish himself as firmly as possible, married the widowed Ankh-es-en-pa-Aten.

Tut-Ankh-Aten continued to live for a time in the Aten

city of El Amarna, but the influence of the priesthood of Amun was too strong to withstand, and he and his court moved to Thebes, the city of Amun.

Gradually all the Aten cities of Egypt were deserted in the same way except one, far away in Nubia, which for some unknown reason escaped, and later became the temple of Amun. The ruins of this shrine which still stand today, mark the place where man first worshipped one god.

Thebes with her eight great temples was the centre of the priesthood of Amun, and once Tut-Ankh-Aten was established there the influence of the priests becomes more and more obvious, in fact, during the nine years of his reign the young king appears to have been utterly ineffective and undistinguished.

He allowed the priests and the people the right to resume their ancient belief. Temples, neglected during the reign of Akhenaten, were repaired, countless monuments which bore the name of Amun and for that reason had been disfigured and the name obliterated, were repaired.

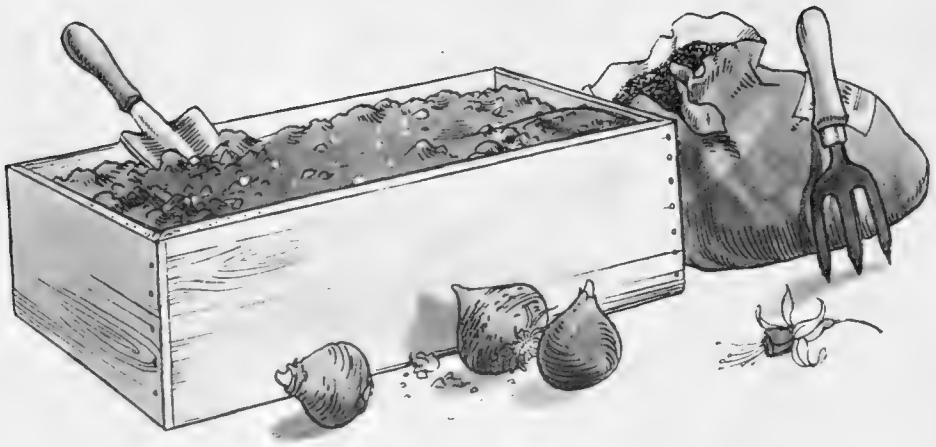
THE old vestal calendar came into force again and Tut-Ankh-Aten himself conducted the most sacred of all its feasts of Amun, "The Fast of Opet." He forsook the name of Tut-Ankh-Aten for Tut-Ankh-Amun (pleasant is the life of Amun) a name which made headline news in November, 1922, when Howard Carter announced the discovery of his tomb.

Tut-Ankh-Amun was buried in a small rock-hewn tomb, the entrance of which became completely hidden by the rock chippings from the tombs of later monarchs, this was probably one of the reasons why he remained securely hidden while so many of his great predecessors were mercilessly robbed until, in fact, not only were their tombs robbed of their wealth but become nothing more than convenient quarries for the local builder. How the great Pharaohs must have envied this insignificant young monarch his thirty-five centuries of undisturbed sleep, secure behind a pile of builders' rubble.

When Tut-Ankh-Amun died, the priests still used him as their puppet, and in order to establish him as firmly as possible as the great lucrator of their beloved faith, he was given a funeral quite out of proportion to his greatness as a monarch. His tomb was packed like a warehouse with funeral furnishings, treasures of unparalleled workmanship in great variety were heaped around him. This is, perhaps, understandable, the priests, using his funeral for propaganda purposes, may have considered this wildly lavish expenditure justifiable.

Yet still a mystery remains unsolved. These priceless treasures were hastily, even carelessly, thrust into place by impatient hands, in strange contrast to the infinite care and patience of the hands which excavated the tomb. Greatness was thrust upon Tut-Ankh-Amun. Firstly by the priests of Amun and later, thirty-five centuries later, he falls, not into the hands of robbers, but into the hands of men whose lives were dedicated to the task of recreating the past. All the priceless treasures that surrounded him were restored with infinite care, every detail of his tomb became news and the name of this obscure young man from the distant past became a household word. The name of Amun, incorporated in that of the monarch, was truly established for all times. The priests had won their fight.

ANKH-ES-EN-PA-ATEN, lamenting at the coffin of Tut-Ankh-Amun, whose funeral was used by the priests for propaganda purposes



Window-Box Gaiety

A bright, healthy window-box requires careful planning and tender care.

CORONATION summer should see the gayest display of window-boxes Britain has known. Window-box gardening has grown in popularity, perhaps stimulated by the fine displays in the windows of Government and business-house offices, and a well-kept window-box is the best contribution the private householder can make to the decoration of streets. An attractive window-box gives double pleasure—it cheers its owner and the passer-by in the street.

Very little "know-how" is required to keep a window-box green and gay all the year round. The fundamental differences between window-box and ordinary gardening arise from the size of the box. The average box will be a few feet long, perhaps 8 ins. wide and not more than 9 ins. deep—it certainly should be not less than 6 ins. deep.

Unlike a garden bed, there is no great volume of soil to even out changes in moisture and temperature, and if the plants are to flourish, the two essentials are to ensure that the soil is healthy and that it is not allowed to dry out or to become wet.

Probably more window-boxes fail because of too much moisture than because of too little. Plants cannot survive in waterlogged soil. Prevention of this starts with the correct construction and filling of the box.

The material for the box can be wood or metal—I prefer wood because it gives better insulation against hot sun, which beats down not only on the surface but the side of a window-box. Old ammunition or other "Government surplus" boxes can often be readily adapted and a handyman can make a box to measure very quickly. The essential is sufficient drainage holes at the bottom. These should be about ½ in. in diameter and bored through the bottom every 5 or 6 ins. Do not put the holes in a straight line, but scatter them.

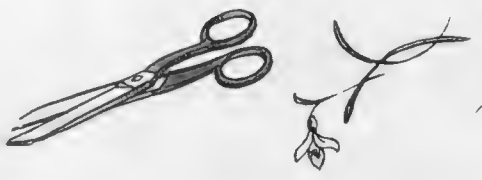
If the box is to stand on a ledge with a flat surface under its bottom, it needs small cross-pieces of wood to prevent the holes being closed on the outside. On the inside, arrange broken crocks over the holes. Don't stint these crocks. Broken flower-pots are best. This question of drainage is fundamental, and it is worth taking trouble over this preliminary arrangement.

THE box should have three coats of paint outside and be impregnated or charred inside if it is to last more than two or three years. The charring can be safely done with a blow-lamp.

Ordinary soil from a garden bed is quite useless to fill a window-box. It should be hardly necessary to emphasize this, but one sees so many window-boxes obviously failing because the owner is expecting miracles from impoverished city soil scooped from a garden or bombed site. Suitable ready-made composts can be bought for about 15s. a bushel, or one can be made up from half rich loam, one-quarter leaf-mould and one-quarter sand. (*Continued on page 56*)

BY

ALEXANDER DILKE



Arriving at the Milan airport, Sylvia, Gloria and Susan (left to right) were whisked away to try on the Italian clothes they were to model on their long tour.

A Model

TO most people, the life of a model is synonymous with a life of glamour—an opinion erroneously though understandably based on the atmosphere of luxurious elegance which surrounds the world of fashion and haute couture. Actually, each fashion photograph and each dress show represents for the model more hard work, more physical endurance under the glaring camera lights, more fatiguing rehearsals and even more wearisome standing around than her serene smile and queenly poise would suggest.

But just once in a while, an engagement comes along which entirely justifies the popular conception of a model's life. Into this category comes the invitation received last autumn from the Italian office of the International Wool Secretariat for three English models, already familiar in the Italian Press, to go to Italy to model Italian haute couture clothes. Sylvia Shelley, Gloria Clarry and Susan Hook were chosen as representative of that indefinable English style of modelling which is so admired in Italy.

There was no misapprehension about the hard work involved, for each model had to agree, beforehand, to work at any hour of the day or night, week-ends included. As ambassadresses of English fashion, they had to provide from their

Getting up in time to catch an early-morning train after a late-night show was not the least arduous aspect of the tour.

Eating in the sun was a welcome break from strenuous sessions of modelling, and the English girls did full justice to the Italian cooking.

Life

own wardrobes clothes for every occasion that might arise. So, laden with five or six cases apiece, they set off for a non-stop tour of nine towns from north to south of Italy.

THE shows were in theatres and opera houses, and were heralded as gala occasions by their Italian audiences. Women turned up in diamonds and furs, the men with opera-glasses. Used to the blasé audience of the average trade and professional fashion shows, the English models found it a delightful contrast to be admiringly quizzed by demonstrative Signors, voraciously applauded and mobbed, like Gaiety Girls, by an enthusiastic crowd.

A crowded programme with shows at night starting at 10.30 and ending long after midnight, then up again in the morning to catch early trains for the next town on the agenda, left little time to spare. And, of course, there was the delectable Italian cooking. The recollection of their robust appetites will remain long in Italian memories. It was a source of never-ending amazement to the Italians (and envy by the Italian mannequins who tend to put on weight) that any three girls, so ethereally slim and lovely, could eat so much with no apparent deterioration of the waistline.

Work sometimes took the form of play, as at a cocktail party given to the International Wool Secretariat model troupe by the local committee at Ancona.

In the romantic setting of an Italian garden, Sylvia poses in an ensemble by Bellenghi in grey duvetyne.

An audience at one of the late-night parades see one of the models in a suit and top-coat of diagonal check wool.

Evening ensemble by Bellenghi modelled by Susan Hook is of soft black wool ottoman, the coat lined with golden yellow ottoman.

There were late nights and early starts, but mid-days sometimes brought an hour to spare for enjoying the sunshine in a carotta.

GROWING UP TO ROYALTY

BY

NICHOLAS MORTIMER

A SMALL boy in a brilliant yellow sweater is energetically kicking a football about the lawns of Buckingham Palace, while his sister, two years younger, struggles to keep up with him. Or perhaps those same children, Prince Charles and Princess Anne, are enjoying a riotous game of hide-and-seek with their parents in the octagon summer-house, which was the Queen's own favourite playground when she was a child. Laughter and perhaps tears, vivid games of imagination. The simple pleasures and the homely routine of childhood are preserved for the Royal children in full measure.

But a few months ago there was a significant event in the life of Prince Charles. Just after his fourth birthday he was taken by his grandmother, the Queen Mother, to the Robert Mayer concert for children at the Festival Hall. It was his first official public appearance.

The Prince watched from a specially-raised seat in the Royal box. Like any small boy, he was more interested in the instruments (especially the drum) than the music; then he looked round the hall at the 3000 other children in the audience and finally began to fidget. As usual, he poured out a volley of questions, and after forty-five minutes he was taken home.

Though this was the young Prince's first appearance at a public function—there had been a semi-public appearance in church at the Royal Chapel of Saints in Windsor Park a little earlier—many people have been struck by his poise—the self-assured look from beneath the deer-stalker cap as he passes in a motor-car, or the calm eyes in official photographs. Such composure in a small boy is remarkable, and many mothers will ask themselves if their own four-year-old could face the admiring stares, the cameras and the acclamation which follow the little Prince in public without producing an attack of shyness.

WHAT is the secret of this apparently easy assumption of the role of Royalty? Is there some special training even in the nursery to prepare the Royal children for their exacting roles?

There is, of course, no obvious answer to that at the present time. The moment for applied lessons has not yet come. Prince Charles is still the little boy who is kind to his sister, holding her up to look out of the window, who hugs a teddy bear in bed at night and adores his Corgi puppy. Princess Anne, equally high-spirited and with a distinct will of her own, has not developed beyond the Babar picture-books she loves.

But because there is no applied learning there is no need to suppose that both children have not already a sense of their position. From the moment just after his christening at Buckingham Palace when the first cameras were levelled at him, Prince Charles has come to know that his life must be—as one member of the Royal Family put it—"like living in a goldfish bowl." His every movement outside the boundaries of his home have conditioned him to being a focus of attention.

There has been no conscious attempt to train the children in deportment. They are naturally composed in manner. Prince Charles is not by nature shy ("matey and fearless," is a recent description by the doctor who brought him into the world), and both children have sensed the response of their father and mother to their position. The tradition of Royalty has been born in them and, in their surroundings, they have breathed nothing else since they were born.

THIS does not mean that the Royal children have been brought up to believe themselves persons of privilege apart. On the contrary, from the first time when her wish for "a sister to play with Charles" was granted, the Queen has determined that her children shall be brought up normally and sensibly. Above all, in a modern, strict, commonsense manner.

The children's first nursery at Clarence House showed how the Queen felt about this. No different from the nursery in any large house—it was furnished with extreme simplicity. It had the traditional nursery fire-guard, pale blue and white furniture and the old mahogany table from Buckingham Palace at which the Queen herself and Princess Margaret had sat at lessons. It was a light, sunny room with white walls, and Prince Philip (who arranged all the pictures at Clarence House) added pictures of minesweepers at sea, a panorama (*Continued on page 58*)

Without shyness and obviously enjoying it, the Prince and Princess greet the crowds with their parents outside Buckingham Palace after the State opening of Parliament.

THE warmth of interest and the acclamation which the Royal children inspire on the occasions of their appearances in public would tax the average child of tender years, but the Heir to the Throne and his sister already carry their roles with Royal composure.

OBSERVING the Duke's hand stray toward his pocket, with lightning swiftness he offered a battered silver cigarette case

A Cucumber For The Duchess

By VERA WYNN GRIFFITHS

HE sat down at the desk which had been made when Charles II was king, and his hand moved over the smooth mother-of-pearl inlay. The flagged terrace he saw through the windows melted into shallow steps flanked by posts

ADMIRAL THE DUKE OF ARNE and her exquisite Grace, the Duchess, stood in the long drawing-room shaking hands with the guests. In actual fact the people crowding about them were not their own guests for the Duke had recently sold Arne to the education committee which proposed to use it as a college, providing, during weekend courses, lectures on current affairs, foreign affairs, and any other affairs whose study might conceivably be of interest and profit. Smiling amiably as he shook an outstretched hand, the Duke silently vowed that there should be no recurrence of the weak moment in which he had gratified the politely expressed wish for his presence at the opening ceremony.

In spite of an enormous fire the room was bitterly cold. The Duke glanced at the vast and picturesque hearth which swallowed most of the heat into its maw, and remembering vain and expensive efforts to warm the great stone-floored rooms and the echoing corridors he felt profoundly thankful that he had given up the struggle and retired to Malyon.

"I'm freezing," muttered the Duchess plaintively. "Do we have to stay much longer?"

"Well, no, I suppose not," the Duke said. "I think we've done our stuff. Come along. . . ."

Then, in the act of turning away, he said, "Good lord, there's old 'Podger' Higgins. I wonder what in the world he's doing here?" The Duchess became petulant. "Oh dear, somebody else? Who is he, anyway?"

"Used to be with me on Pomeroy—commander—biggest bore in the navy."

He watched a stoutish elderly man struggle towards them and in the moment while he hesitated, with the small importunate hand of the Duchess on his arm, he had time to observe that the stoutish man's dark suit was shabby, the coat straining a little at the buttons, as though there had been time since he bought it for him to put on weight; he noticed, too, the anxious, almost frantic appeal in the blue eyes.

"No, wait a minute," he murmured, gently detaching himself. "I must wait a minute."

He held out a hand. "My dear Higgins," he said cordially. "How very nice to see you—it's always such a pleasure to meet an old shipmate."

"SIR," gasped Commander Higgins, breathless from the struggle towards his goal. "Sir, good of you to remember me. When I knew that you were to be at the opening I determined to see you, but I hardly hoped that you would know me by my name."

"There are some people whom one cannot forget," said the Duke with his charming melancholy smile, and he wondered why it was that he had recalled "Podger" Higgins, who had been in no way remarkable among the ship's company.

The commander beamed his gratification. "Good of you indeed, sir," he stammered, then his eye fell on the Duchess, a slim monument of barely controlled impatience.

"My wife, the Duchess," said the Duke, and the commander bowed with as much courtliness as his figure permitted and murmured confusedly that he was charmed, honoured, gratified . . .

ILLUSTRATIONS BY S. TRESILIAN

"We were just going," said the Duchess, without much grace.

"Oh, not for a few moments," amended the Duke briskly. "I must have a chat with Commander Higgins. Let me get you some tea. . . ."

"Let me," cried the commander, wresting a tray from a passing waitress. "There we are," he said, hearty in his small triumph. "Tea, sandwiches—cucumber, I believe —I hope you like cucumber?"

The Duchess caught the Duke's reproving eye and produced a smile.

"Very much," she declared. "It's my favourite fruit."

WITH a gallant flourish the commander settled her at a small table drawn close to the fire and planted his portly person before her so that she should not be disturbed. Observing the Duke's hand stray towards his pocket, with lightning swiftness he offered a battered silver cigarette case.

"Do have one of these, sir."

"Thank you," said the Duke who disliked cigarettes and had been searching absently for his handkerchief. "Now tell me about yourself, Commander. Bring me up to date. They retired you in 1945, didn't they? What have you been doing with yourself since?"

"Nothing very exciting," said the commander glumly. "Trying to make ends meet—not so easy as you might think, on a pension, these days; dipping into your savings all the time—you begin to wonder how long they'll last."

He glanced up into the quiet attentive face and straightening himself he gave a short barking laugh.

"But you don't want to hear my grumbles, grumbling never went down with you, did it, sir? I remember you always used to say, 'Grousing won't help, gentlemen. What can't be cured must be endured.'"

"Did I?" The Duke passed a hand pensively over his chin. "Did I, indeed?"

The commander nodded. "Put new life into me many a time, I can tell you. Well, about myself, since you were good enough to ask. I've turned to gardening in my old age. Got a bit of a place in the country, a very small place, garden and little paddock, a few hens, geese, what-not . . . little hothouse. Grow a bit of early stuff for the market."

HE uttered again that unamused sound which was more of a bark than a laugh. "I must say when we were ploughing along in old Pomeroy I never saw myself as a gardener. But there you are, you never know, do you? Good thing you don't perhaps, sometimes. Still, I've got my home, and Meggie—that's my wife—she likes it there and I suppose it isn't a bad life on the whole."

He lapsed into a thoughtful silence while the Duke watched him and almost convinced himself that this was none of his business.

"And what brought you here?" he inquired at length.

"Oh, I like to keep up with things," said the commander, bracing himself. "I saw that the first course of lectures was 'Our Defences,' toyed with the idea of a weekend, having been part of them, so to speak; thought I might find something useful to say in the discussion. 'You go,' Meggie said. 'The change will do you good. Doesn't do to bury yourself in the country, you've been used to something different.' Well, I don't know . . . But the fact is," he glanced upwards, then hastily away again, "well, to tell you the truth, sir, I saw that you were to be here at the opening; that's what brought me here today, I wouldn't have missed seeing you for worlds."

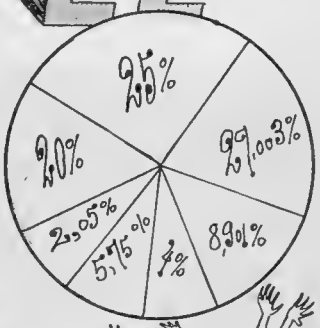
The Duke quaked as he reflected how nearly that had actually happened. "That's very kind of you, Commander."

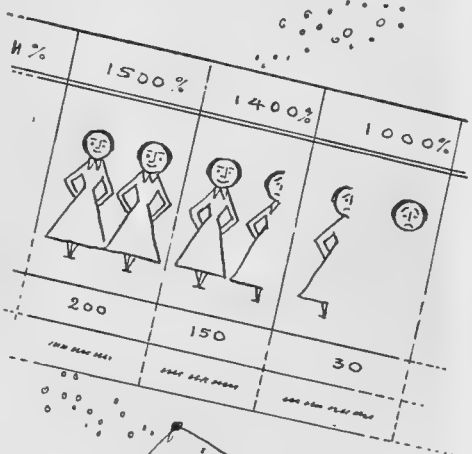
"Not at all, sir. I said to (*Continued on page* 64)

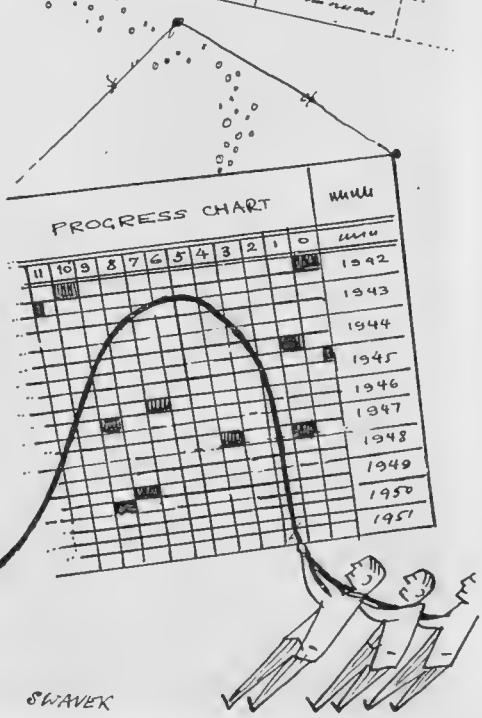
"YOU see, read it," he pointed with a podgy finger. "He invites me to Malyon. I told you he knew me immediately"

POLLS and PEOPLE

Market researchers and social surveyors are for ever quizzing us to find out how we tick. Here are some of the facts about us







OUR great-great-grandchildren will have few illusions about our habits, hobbies, views, wants and extravagances. Answers to social surveyors', Mass-Observers', Gallup-pollsters' and market researchers' questions have drawn up a detailed picture of the Average Briton and from these records future social historians will have us taped from pronouncements out of our own mouths.

The average mid-twentieth century Englishman's number of bath nights, the songs sung in the bath by "man, middle-aged, middle-class, suburban," the perfume of soap preferred by "woman, young, country-gentry"—has all been quizzed on. It's all part of the character of that composite, fictitious being, the Average Briton.

To create him, and his wife, we are constantly watched, questioned and tabulated. No mannerism is left unobserved, no fad unanalysed, few questions go unasked or unanswered. So let us see ourselves as social scientists see us!

Only one woman in five can cross her heart and say she has never wiped off a surreptitious tear in the dark of the cinema, and every second man admits to having cried at a screen weepie, too.

Women, would you believe it, are more emotional than men, especially so at around fifty. Men's tenor of life is even, on the whole, with the exception of the early forties, when the strong sex is prone to restlessness and irritability.

EIGHTEEN is the age at which girls fall in love most seriously (they think); men wait five years longer. "Courting" starts at those respective ages, but doesn't end in marriage right away. Once married, both partners abhor their spouse's bad temper more than any other failing.

Unfaithfulness only rates after (the men's) gambling and (the women's) nagging, and even as a reason for divorce incompatibility is considered far less seriously than infidelity.

The ideal husband possesses character, money, brains and looks—in that order. The ideal wife is homely, can cook, is good-tempered and a good listener. Brunettes are preferred!

Whatever visiting foreigners may say, we like to entertain at home. Only half of us pay social calls "as a family," but nine out of ten families undertake weekend outings jointly. We have between six and twenty friends each, only one person in nine is friendless (the definition of "friend" has yet to be quizzed on). Women are more likely to "keep up" with old schoolfriends and start talking over the garden fence—altogether they have more friends than men, and marrieds are more sociable than singles. We prefer potential washers-up to those guests for whom we have "to get out the best china." We are more likely to eat canned foods when we are alone than when we want to impress visitors, but almost all women have at one time or another passed off canned or frozen food as their own handiwork. "Home-made" cake manufacturers find it worth their while to give their wares special un-professional touches!

HOUSEWIVES are as happy (or unhappy)as women who go out to work. Four women in ten want to be slimmer, but only about half of those have as much willpower as they have superfluous fat. Of those whose willpower is equal to the temptation to eat, three-quarters get fat again—and then just shrug their well-covered shoulders. More women wish they were men than vice versa, they worry more than men, but they also laugh more.

Of 100 quizees, male, only twenty-two could say they had had a good laugh in the last twenty-four hours, while thirty women had laughed heartily during that time. One woman's laugh was inspired by the size of the meat ration, but on the whole children and professional jesters raise the laughs.

We are a sentimental lot—both sexes. Though not all of us have kept childhood toys, we all do remember one-time favourites. Dolls win hands down, but trains and soldiers follow closely. Constructional toys, psychologists will be alarmed to hear, are rarely remembered at all.

The national character has distinct flaws. Very few can honestly say they have never bought anything off the ration or always returned what they borrowed. Amongst kept loans admitted to is a prehistoric axe (*Continued on page* 62)

By
Ruth Miller

A SHORT STORY
BY
BARBARA GOOLDEN

The Green-Eyed

"AT all costs," said Jeremy, "we must be civilized."

Lucinda regarded him with admiration. Everyone said how intelligent he was, indeed he said so himself, and who could be in a better position to know? Did he not write books in which people held long earnest conversations in places such as Turkish baths or the Underground Railway? No wonder Lucinda was proud of him! He was even being clever on his honeymoon.

"What I mean is," he was saying, "that at all costs we must avoid, both of us, falling into the appalling error of being possessive."

Lucinda sighed contentedly. Sitting on a bench with their arms round each others' waists, overlooking a black Cornish sea

Monster

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
D. L. WYNNE

appropriately decorated with silver cords of moonlight, it was easy to agree to anything.

"Of course we must, darling," she said.

"I should like to get it *absolutely* clear," said Jeremy, "so many people land up on the rocks just because they haven't talked the thing out. What I'm driving at is that we must realize from the start that neither of us *owns* the other. We're free agents. We don't want any funny business about jealousy."

"Oh no, darling."

"My father was a very jealous man," said Jeremy, "he once caught a bloke trying to kiss my mother in the conservatory and he knocked him right out."

"How perfectly lovely."

"Don't be an idiot, sweetheart. My mother was most annoyed. The chap had concussion and they had to put him up for a week. She simply loathed him. My father," Jeremy was saying rather grandly, "was an excellent man, but he was thinking of himself and not of my mother. I, darling, shall always think of you first. I shall say to myself, 'What does she actually *want*.' And then, if its humanly possible, I shall see that you get it."

Lucinda was enchanted. "Jeremy, you *are* wonderful."

"No, but I believe in going into these things and doing one's best to clarify the position." In the moonlight his young obstinate face was calm and happy.

LUCINDA always found it easy to agree with Jeremy, especially sitting on the bench overlooking this beautiful moonlit bay

Jeremy was enjoying his honeymoon immensely. He was fond of talking and never before had he had such an attentive audience. His own ideas interested him so much that it seemed unnecessary to weigh them in the light of probability. Because his standard of conduct was high he enjoyed purely theoretical notions of the importance of the individual and the necessity for liberty of mind and action. His books contained the most revolutionary notions which he regarded with a certain complacency. In short, he was a large curly-haired young man with an excellent heart and just as much intelligence as is common to those who are tireless in the insisting upon it.

Lucinda, however, was not articulate, indeed she had never had time, having worked (with a surprising efficiency) as a shorthand-typist among literary men whose verbosity exceeded even that of politicians.

In Jeremy she found, it is true, a conversationalist, but he combined so much charm and good humour that it was easy to forgive him. Love, decided Lucinda, was a most satisfactory affair because it was so delightfully handicapping to criticism. Therefore, she also enjoyed her honeymoon enormously in spite of the fact that she had never heard any man talk so much before.

The pair returned to London in the happiest possible states of mind. Jeremy, in common with the majority of novelists, being unable solely to maintain himself and his wife on a book published every two years or so, went back to an estate agent's office and the business of interviewing hopeful applicants for non-existent houses.

While Lucinda, an ablebodied young woman, despite a fair and deceptively fragile appearance, decided that the maintaining of a three-roomed flat was insufficient scope for her energies, and went on feverishly tapping the keys of her typewriter, while an irritable, middle-aged historian, wrapped in mufflers and waistcoats, endured the torments of nervous

catarrh and his own impression of the eccentricities of the court of Louis XIV.

At half-past five Jeremy returned home to find Lucinda ready to fortify him with salad and cream cheese. After these aids to mental stimulation he wrote for two hours, and at eight they dined, after the custom of vegetarians, on fruit and nuts and theories.

"We always have a terrific lot to talk about," said Jeremy contentedly, a tribute to her powers of silent attention which charmed his wife.

From time to time they entertained their friends who were also very clever.

Lucinda, who found Jeremy's friends so much like her own that she had difficulty in distinguishing them, took her own part so much for granted that she was surprised one day to find among the crush which filled their little sitting-room a slender young man, with a mournful expression and dejected hands, who expected to do his own share of listening.

"What," he asked her "was your considered opinion of the Festival?"

"Dear me," said Lucinda a good deal astonished, "I didn't have one."

He looked at her with the gentle obstinacy of one not easily discouraged.

"What did you enjoy most?"

"Oh, the river," she said at once, "I adore the Thames—only that perhaps was hardly the Festival. I mean its there all the time, isn't it?"

The young man, who was a poet in his off moments when he was not learning law —or it may have been the other way about —said solemnly: "It is only there for those who have eyes to see it. I myself found it infinitely reviving. I was so *shattered* by power and production that I nearly cast myself into the cool waters of the Thames."

"I felt a little peculiar myself," said Lucinda.

"Do let's sit down," said the young man appreciatively, "if there's anywhere to sit. Can I get you anything to drink? This is rather a distressing party I think. I wasn't asked, you know, I was brought. Who's giving it, any way?"

"Well, up to a point I am, but Jeremy my husband's better at it," said Lucinda.

"Good, I so much prefer getting the hang of the thing. Which one *is* your husband, actually?"

"The large one with the cigarette box." She said it with pride.

(*Continued on page* 50)

MR. GRACIE was more at ease in feminine society and was rather patronizing to the admiring girls

Women At Work

PAMELA FRY looks into the activities of the many organizations which are making the Voice Of The Women an increasing power in the land

A meeting of a Surrey Women's Institute

THE woman of today whether she is running a job, a family or both, undoubtedly finds her life is becoming increasingly complex. There are moments when she may even wish that nobody had ever tried to improve woman's lot. Existence seems to have been so much simpler before we got the vote.

But the emancipation of the female, with the resultant gingering up of women's activities is only half the story. The other half is the plain fact that our modern world is rapidly shrinking in size. And to the extent that it gets smaller our responsibilities as individuals increase. The problems of the once-so-distant East are sitting on our doorstep with the morning milk. The philosophies and conflicts of people living thousands of miles away are as much a topic of daily conversation as the price of coal.

Whether we like it or not, this is the atomic age, with all its charms and perils. And along with the rest of society I think an increasing number of women are doing their best to keep up with its demands. Proof of my thesis lies in the very rapid growth of women's organizations during the last fifty years. Today there are well over a hundred of these in England. It is very hard to get precise figures but it is safe to say that nearly a fifth of England's 26,000,000 feminine population belongs to one or another of them. And their actual unrecorded membership is probably considerably higher.

However, it isn't enough to say that quite a lot of women are joining this society and that. There are several other questions to be asked. What organizations are they joining, what are they trying to do and what are they succeeding in doing?

WELL, its a very big topic and I have space for only a very limited survey. I think therefore the first job is to exclude those groups which are by no means unimportant but which are too specialized for the purpose of our present discussion, i.e. professional or sporting associations, religious groups such as the Catholic Women's League or the Mother's Union, or the women's sections of the various political parties.

Even eliminating all these you are left with an imposing and quite staggering array : The National Federation of Women's Institutes, the National Council of Women, the Standing Joint Committee of Working Women's Organizations, the National Union of Townswomen's Guilds, to mention only a few. And their membership may be anything from five thousand to three million.

Since it is obviously impossible to cope with all of them I have selected three of the most representative for discussion. To be precise : the National Federation of Women's Institutes, the National Union of Townswomen's Guilds and the National Joint Committee of Working Women's Organizations. The first two seem to me to represent the very broadest possible slice of feminine activity, since both organizations are open to women of all ages, income groups, political and religious beliefs. The third, which represents twenty national organizations, including a number of trade unions, fits into a more definite political category since its membership is largely pro-Labour, but as it also represents over eleven per cent of all the women in this country, it certainly requires mention.

BUT let us begin with the National Federation of Women's Institutes, whose stated purpose is "to improve and develop rural life." And in case you think that sounds like a rather limited activity, let me assure you that it has grown to include everything from encouraging local arts and crafts to joining in the fight for milk for schoolchildren. Not only has it done a great deal to make life a lot more cheerful and more interesting for farm women (particularly in isolated areas), it has also offered them really remarkable educational opportunities. The Institute organizes regional lectures and classes on every imaginable topic ranging from how to decorate your home to the state of the nation and the state of the world.

The first Women's Institute came into existence in Canada at the end of the nineteenth century, due to the activities of a very forward looking farmer's wife named Mrs. Hoodless. In her opinion, life on the farm from the woman's viewpoint, could stand a bit of livening up. By 1915, the first Women's Institute had been organized in England. Since then they have become an international organization with Institutes existing even in such far-flung places as New Zealand, Ceylon and the West Indies. In England, Wales and the Channel Islands there are 7,881 Institutes with a membership nearing half a million (the Scottish Women's Institute with a membership of 64,000 is a separate organization). Since 1948 the Institute has also had its own educational centre, Denman College, which is situated nine miles from Oxford.

Once a year the National Federation's General Meeting of the Institutes is held in London. It has become so famous that it is now referred to by bus conductors as "the countrywoman's parliament." It is really quite a gathering, with so many women attending that many of the Institutes have to double up and send one delegate to represent them (*Continued on page* 53)

By

C. Henry Warren

I'LL SHOW YOU

SOMEBODY was whistling from a tree. I looked up and could see nothing but leaves. The whistling was repeated. I could not tell whether it was meant to be a tune, nothing to do with me, or whether it was an invitation : "Find me, if you can!" But presently I distinguished two shining black eyes among the shadows. "Hallo!" I called, and for answer a small boy slid down to the lower boughs. Still he said nothing, only stared and smiled. The way to help a small boy find his tongue is to offer him a sweet, especially when he is the child of a Tyrolean herdsman summering with his cows on the *Hoch Alm*, lonely and remote among the snow-pocketed mountains. I held out a bar of chocolate and from that moment we were friends.

After the long climb my first desire was to throw off the rucksack and stretch my legs on the short, sweet grass. My companion got down on one knee beside me, scrutinizing me with his dark eyes as if I had been Gulliver himself and he a Lilliputian of these wild uplands. I asked him his name. "Otto," he replied, with finality. He was seven years old. His father was the *Senner*—chief herdsman of the *Alm*. Then he was silent again. Shutting my eyes against the bright sunlight, I could hear only the far-off and continuous tinkle of cow-bells. A little drowsily now, I asked him where his home was. "A quarter of an hour," he replied, measuring his distances, like all mountain-dwellers, by the time it takes to walk them. But he only lived up here for three months of the year, in the summer : all the rest of the year he lived down in the valley, in a little village where his father was then a shoemaker and where he went to school. This was holiday. "Have you any more chocolate?" he asked. I reached for a second slab from the rucksack, gave it to him, and dropped my head back on to its turfy pillow. The hot sun drew out the scent of the mountain-thyme close against my face. I fell asleep. When I awoke I was alone.

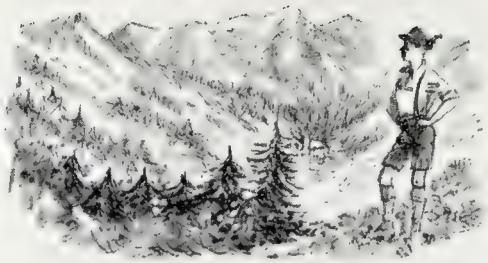
"Where the sound of snow-fed streams fills the silence"

FOLLOWING the thin track across the *Alm*, I soon came within sight of a house or two and a few hay barns, their steeply sloping roofs nearly touching the ground. Close by stood a tiny, white-washed chapel. It was so small that there was scarcely room for even one person to get inside : more a sufficient shelter for the narrow altar, with its grubby, lace-frilled cloth and its holy picture, than a chapel. The place smelt of mildew, like a grotto and about as gloomy. But a scattered bunch of wild flowers on the floor showed that at least somebody had remembered its invitation to prayer.

Otto was playing by himself, throwing a ball against the barn wall. As I approached, two other boys, older and taller than he, came out of the *Senner's* house and immediately began cracking whips. Otto took no notice. I knew by the sharp barking of the whips that these were the kind they use to drive the cows up from the village, leather-plaited whips some nine or ten feet long, wherewith the herd-boys beguile the slow hours of the annual trek up the mountain, trying out their skill, each crack echoing through the pines like an explosion. Absorbed in watching and listening, I had not noticed that Otto was no longer there; but as I came up to the house he suddenly appeared again, clambering, this time, along the ridge of the roof, agile as a monkey. I called up a greeting. Shyly, and yet proudly, he smiled one back.

I WANTED a cup of milk, but there was nobody to ask. The door stood open, so I went inside; and when my eyes were used to the darkness, I saw six tall cheeses set against the wall, white and creamy. And through the inner door, leading to the kitchen, a woman was lying on a bench, resting. At my knock, she jumped up, throwing back her crumpled hair. Her eyes were just like Otto's eyes, dark and bright at the same time, alert and welcoming. Certainly I could have some milk and would I go into the *stube* and wait?

(*Continued on page* 54)



GENTIANS

MORE than soldanella of the snows, more even than the coveted edelweiss, the gentian is the flower of the mountains, blooming as if some ghostly steed of the Gods, passing in the dawn, had left its bright, magical print all over the mountainside

Spring gentians (Gentiana verna) and viola

Gentiana verna, Gentiana acaulis and Gentiana angulosa

JEWEL-BRIGHT colours marry with gay accessories to defy the rain. Dannimacs' green-proofed Persian cord raincoat is fashion styled to hold its own in fair weather or foul and Aquascutum's saffron wool gaberdine with its elegant dropped shoulder line answers to a dual purpose as a spring coat with the additional virtue of proofing. Umbrellas join the colour medley (Fenwicks, D. H. Evans, Susan Handbags) and welded plastic overshoes carry carefree protection to the toes

All The Proof You Need

A FAMOUS designer tells how driving through the park on wet days he was enchanted with the brilliant glimmer of the flower beds as the rain glistened on wet petals. Flower hues seemed more radiant in the rain, and he never failed to wish that women would take the same bold colours to brighten the wet spring days. How dismal were the shapeless, dun-coloured raincoats we wore then. "Good enough for the rain" was the general idea in those days and how depressing.

Now the designer's dream has come true. Contemporary rainwear is as colourful as his tulip-bed. Suddenly postwar fashion transformed the "mac" which used to hang in the cupboard under the stairs into the style-conscious, fashion-coloured garment which today forms an important part of our wardrobes.

All types of materials are now being treated to make them waterproof. There is, however, a difference between rain- and weather-proofing. The old mac was expected to do both duty for the cross-country tramp in a deluge as well as for wearing in town on a day which merely threatened showers. But new-type weather-coats are either proofed materials (gaberdine being a close-weave is most popular) and will stand up to showers but not to the soaking rain. For this we have the rubberized raincoat, which is absolutely waterproof.

In the new ranges there are types of rainwear for any and every purpose. Youthful plaid-ginghams make summer raincoats, grey flannel or worsted swing-jackets are weather-proofed, quilted taffeta coats are dressy enough for cocktail-wear and raincoats come in rich Coronation reds and purples, while the yellow-greens and vivid grass-greens suggestive of spring are amongst the newest of the smart rainwear colours and are lively enough to dispel any cloud. Even tweed is proofed today.

Contemporary rain-shoes are a far cry from the flat and fearsome affairs which used to be the only alternative to pneumonia, and the umbrella is now an important fashion accessory.

Rubberized velvet, equal to the rain and smart in the sun. In bottle green, navy or black with a matching hat. (*Fenwicks*, £9 19s. 6d.)

Black poult lined with black and gold stripes. Made in sizes for the smaller, wider figure. (*Alligator* at *D. H. Evans*, £6 2s. 4d.)

Duffle type raincoat in cotton gaberdine reversible to lambswool. (*Dickins & Jones*, 14 gns.) Photographs by Michael Wilding

Book Reviews:

by

Trevor Allen

IT is time we doffed hats to the Brough family, which for a century and more has excelled at acting and writing. Playwright Barnabas was a friend of Dickens and Thackeray, Robert a journalist and one of the founders of the Savage Club, Lionel an actor of the "great days" when —Julia Neilson Terry says—"we were all like one big, loving family." Fanny, brilliant comedienne, could play Shakespeare, drama, farce, musicals. The lovable, old-fashioned Mary, who smiled at age, we all cherish in memory. And now there's Jean Webster-Brough to enshrine these and others in a memoir of the dynasty, **"Prompt Copy"** (Hutchinson, 15s.), to tell of her own acting career, and record, among other things, that when she had a crush on her elocution-master Mary said firmly: "If you marry that man like an elephant I shall NOT leave you the grand piano!" W. Macqueen Pope, in a foreword, says, "They made no boast of star status but were all proud of being 'Pros.'," and there are so many other appreciations that it might be a Water Rats' gala night. But who will complain? Not the reader of this loyal family chronicle.

MARTYN GREEN joined D'Oyly Carte in 1923, duly stepped into Henry Lytton's "Ko-Ko" shoes, starred with the Company until 1951, and has since worked on the Gilbert and Sullivan film. **"Here's A How-de-do"** (Reinhardt, 21s.) is his gay behind-the-scenes story of tours at home and abroad, liberally illustrated. An early anecdote is of Mr. Green's father, a tenor, wanting to adopt an Italian name, asking Elgar's advice, and citing, as an example, Signor Foli, an Irishman whose real name was Foley. "Yes," said Elgar, "have you thought about Signor Broccolini?" Another is of Sullivan slipping into the back of the circle during the Savoy run of *Iolanthe* and unconsciously humming with the orchestra. "Excuse me, sir," said a playgoer near him, "but I came to hear Sullivan's music, not yours." Hundreds enliven these light-opera memories.

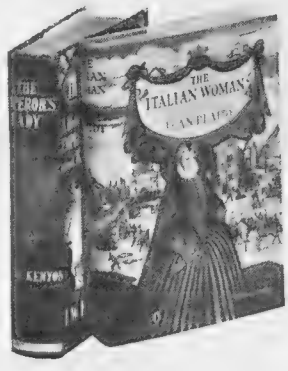
ALAN McCULLOCH, Melbourne artist, who set out from San Francisco to hitch-hike four thousand miles to New York, sampling sundry art-colonies (and wedlock) *en route*, writes most amusingly of the trek in **"Highway Forty"** (Angus and Watson, 18s.). Outside a shoe store in Los Angeles he saw a picket with a placard: "This store UNFAIR TO THE PUBLIC! Proprietor refuses restitution! Look What I Got—for 12 dollars 50!" An arrow pointed to his shoes, "curled up at the ends like well-dried prunes." Later the picket was joined by a rival announcing: "This PICKET unfair to Shoe Store! What would you expect if YOU put WET SHOES in a hot oven and FORGOT them?!!" I chuckled over his odyssey, and his witty drawings.

HANS HASS'S wanderings are under tropical waters, in search of queer fish like sharks, barracudas, manta rays and sea-devils. He records such terrifying encounters in **"Under The Red Sea"** (Jarrolds, 16s.) that one marvels he came out alive with the remarkable photographs reproduced. Swimming right up to the gaping jaws of a monster to get a close-up is not my idea of a holiday, but it makes thrilling reading.

WILLIAM L. SHIRER takes Western Europe for his beat, a decade after *Berlin Diary*, in **"Mid-Century Journey"** (Hale, 16s.). He is a penetrating observer of recent trends in Austria, France, Germany, England, and his U.S. approach inclines him to see the writing on the bomb-shattered wall; but while praising our "indomitable spirit," need he be so doleful about our home affairs and the break-up of the Empire into Commonwealth components, which is mainly a co-operative reconditioning? As diagnostician he is prone to fear the worst even when seeing the best, though his conclusions are always significant.

WHAT James Laver sees in dress—notably the foibles of past epochs—is enough to drive us all nudist. "The amount of discomfort which human beings have put up with, in the course of history, in order to appear well, or even decently, dressed must add up to a formidable total," he writes in **"Clothes"** (Burke, 21s.): an elaborate survey of fashion through the ages, with copious "quotes" from literature and quaint period plates, some in colour. One shows Lukas Cranach's "Venus," exquisitely nude except for picture hat and choker. Well, now, that's something like. . . . (*Continued on page* 52)

CHOICE OF THE MONTH



ONE hardly expected another Russian story of the range, if not the genius, of *War And Peace* and *The Brothers Karamazov*. Henri Troyat's **"My Father's House"** (Macmillan, 15s.), translated by David Hapgood, is a prodigious 630-page achievement in that class. Seventy years of tempestuous life surge through this tale of a Caucasian store-owner, his Ekaterinoda wife and his friend in a triangle love-relationship.

Another with a broad canvas (575 pages) is F. W. Kenyon's **"The Emperor's Lady"** (Hutchinson, 15s.), a full-coloured romance of the Empress Josephine and Napoleon, with bold fictional treatment of incident and dialogue.

Jean Plaidy's **"The Italian Woman"** (Hale, 10s. 6d.) is only 316 pages, but an historically sensitive study of the ruthless Catherine de' Medici, her conflict with Jeanne of Navarre, and the sinister Court intrigue in which she played a Messalina's part.

Tomorrow At Noon

By THURMAN WARRINER

AT six o'clock that Tuesday evening, Janet Starr was standing at the window, looking across the moor towards Welston Tor. She could see Frank Linsey coming up the path from his cottage at the edge of the village. In five minutes he would be with her and the door would be closed—a symbolic door that shut out the world.

By half-past six it would be dark, and they would take Lucy up to her room and put her to bed. Just as if—she smiled to herself—as if Frank were Lucy's father.

And at midnight it would be tomorrow, and tomorrow noon was the hour she had longed for all these years.

She had never been so conscious of the passing hours. Half a dozen times, as Frank walked slowly towards her, she glanced at the clock, at the calendar. Tomorrow would be the fifteenth of October. On that day three years ago Godfrey had walked out of the house and she had never seen him since.

Then, they had been living at Surbiton. For months she had stayed there, wondering if he would come back. She had lied to curious neighbours and tried to explain, with flushed cheeks and stammered excuses, to local officials. Finally she had sold everything that was hers to sell, stored what was Godfrey's, and come here where

LUCY, an elfish, flaxen-haired child, sat on Frank's knee to drink her milk

no one knew her and no one asked questions.

The house was low and friendly, crouching against the wind on the very edge of the moor. The biggest front room was now the café, deserted tonight, where Janet sold coffee and snacks, picture postcards and local pottery—her own design and making—to the people who came over the moors to Dulverswych from the coast-towns in summer. For the first time in years she had been contented and happy.

Until Ruth's letter the other day. Until the shadow had crept close again.

FRANK opened the gate. He tapped on the door and came in. He put his arm round her shoulders, pressing her close for a moment and tilting up her face as if he were going to kiss her.

"Where's Lucy?" he asked.

"Playing in the kitchen. You look tired, Frank."

"I've had a tough day. Took three pigs down to Dulverswych this morning, strung a hundred yards of new wire round the orchard to keep Bursley's hens out, and I've done five pages of the new book. What about you?"

He pulled a chair nearer the fire, and Janet sat down opposite. From there she could see the road, a darkening ribbon leading from the valley.

"I've been cleaning up, clearing away, putting everything safe till spring," she told him. "The season's over. No more customers till Easter. I've only had three today. It's not worth while keeping the café open."

"By spring," he said, "you won't have to worry any more about selling cups of tea and coffee."

He reached towards a pottery figure on the table; a round-bodied little man with a puckish, grinning face. "Something new?" he asked.

"New and very old. He's the Laughing Priest—haven't you seen that odd little gargoyle on the church porch? I've been selling postcards of him for ages. I thought he'd sell this way too. Be careful of him—he's the first one I've made."

HE glanced through the half-open door that led into the darkened café; at the ash-trays and cream-bowls and posy-rings in a dozen different designs. "You've made valiant efforts to keep your head above water, Janet."

"So have you," she told him swiftly. "And it was always a hobby of mine. I love doing it, Frank, and you'd be surprised how they sell. Do handle him gently! He's not quite dry. I'll put him in Lucy's room when we take her to bed."

"Janet," he said, "what's wrong with you tonight?"

"What should be?"

"Slightly forced brightness. Smile a bit taut. I know all the signs by now."

"Fears and forebodings, I suppose." She glanced at the calendar again, at the winding road. "I'll tell you when Lucy's out of the way. Let's take her up, shall we?"

She called Lucy out of the kitchen—an elfish, flaxen-haired child. She sat on Frank's knee to drink her glass of hot milk, and it was Frank who carried her upstairs. Her room was under the eaves, airy and beautiful. On the wide window-ledge, filling a shelf over the fireplace, were more of Janet's figurines and placques and bowls; exquisite things she hadn't the heart to sell. She put the Laughing Priest on the bedside table. And then they went downstairs, and closed the staircase door so that Lucy would not be disturbed by their voices.

They looked at each other, really looked for the first time that night.

* * *

She was a slender, graceful creature with Lucy's fair hair and slight build. Still a girl—much too young to have suffered so much, he thought grimly.

He was five years older. He had dragged a wrecked body and a frightened mind out of a prison-camp to the holding on the breast of the hill. There, through the years, he had found his health again. And what the sharp west-country air had been unable to do, Janet had completed.

He leaned against the mantelpiece. "Well?" he asked.

"Frank, he's in England."

He looked up sharply. "Certain of that?"

"As certain as I can be of anything. I hadn't heard of him for twelve months. He was out East then. But Ruth wrote to me the other day. She saw him in London.

JANET put the tea on the table by Godfrey's chair. He took a sandwich and drew a stool to the fireside. Only Frank remained standing.

She says he's been staying at the Aldwych Palace."

"In character!" muttered Frank. He had met Ruth, Janet's sister. It was unlikely that she was mistaken. "But even if he's in England, he may not find you. Or even want to."

"It's just the date, Frank. It's three years tomorrow. Desertion has to be for three years. You know what we've been hoping. We've denied ourselves everything because we wanted. . . ."

She broke off, her mouth quivering.

"I know. We wanted it to be the real thing. Well, it's going to be. Suppose he comes?"

"If he comes before tomorrow, it's *not* three years."

"Would a day make so much difference? Do you think a technicality like that would count?"

"I don't know. It's not merely that I'm thinking about. There'll be something—oh, symbolic about it if he comes back between now and tomorrow noon."

"Symbolic of what?"

SHE went to the window. "Of his power over me, I suppose."

"When we mean so much to each other, what power can he have?"

"It's something I feel," she said. "I can't explain it. You've never met him, Frank. And there's Lucy."

"He can't strike at you through the child. Not after walking out on both of you three years ago."

She didn't answer. He stared unhappily at her straight, slim back. "Janet," he said harshly, "draw those damned curtains and come to the fire. You're shivering."

"I'm not cold," she said.

He waited another moment, then took three long strides to the window and reached up to the curtains.

"Wait!" she said. "There's a car coming up the road."

He didn't quite believe it. Perhaps Janet hadn't believed it either. Even at the last moment she told herself it wasn't Godfrey. That the car would pass. . . .

But it stopped at the gate. And now, with a sharp jerk of her wrist, she pulled the curtains across and backed towards Frank, and they stood by the fire, waiting. They heard heavy, uncertain footsteps on the path, a loud knock on the door.

It was Frank who said, firmly, "Come in!"

* * *

He came in, a man well over six feet and broad as a heifer. His eyes were too small in a ruddy face; his hair was a rusty red; his moustache was red too, and thick and luxuriant. He stared a moment at Frank, then his eyes moved to Janet, travelling down her from head to knees and back again.

"Is welcome on the mat?" he asked, in a voice too high and thin for such an ox of a man. (*Continued on page* 59)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY VICTOR BERTOGLIO

Focus on

Reconstructed stone in the traditional character with the clean simple lines that are easily integrated with surrounding architecture. *Girlingstone*

A surround of bricks painted white makes an effective finish to an open hearth

A simple surround for gay tiles of Regency pattern. *Froy of Hammersmith*

By Michael

NOT for nothing have "hearth" and "home" become almost synonymous in every civilized language. And four centuries have not dimmed the magic of a "circle round the fire" though it is all of that since we sat literally in a circle round a central hearth.

Tell us that a fixed fireplace imposes absurd limitations on our use of space, that it is an inefficient method of heating, that it creates work. We accept it all—but remain primitive fire-worshippers at heart. The fireplace remains the instinctive as well as the traditional focal point of our living-rooms. So strong is tradition that, more often than not, even when we use portable forms of heating we still put them in the old fireplace. Yet the natural architectural dominance of the fireplace that leads us to do so too often plays havoc with our rooms.

The fire is usually given pride of place on one of the longer walls. This has the purely functional advantage of bringing it within range of as wide a circle as possible. But the effect can be disastrous. For the fireplace breaks up what is inevitably the most important wall in the room, destroying the very sense of repose that a "circle round the fire" suggests.

If we are not careful, too, the fireplace itself may seem mean and grudging in a long wall. Often, the chimneybreast creates a special problem by projecting into the room. For strong vertical lines are always unrestful and vaguely disturbing unless they are balanced by horizontal ones. At worst, they make us conscious of an indefinable mental discomfort in certain rooms. At best, we may only be aware that something *was* wrong, after it has been put right.

Fortunately, the remedies are usually simple enough. Sometimes, a horizontal row of uniform prints on the chimney-breast is enough to counteract its vertical lines. We can give the meanest fireplace breadth and importance by linking it to the rest of the wall with low built-in fittings. Moreover, a simple set of bookshelves or cupboards gives the fireplace wall a restful unity and provides the essential horizontal line. The effect is more satisfying if the fittings are the same height as the fireplace surround. For a straight line is always restful. Variations in level are not.

We can even give the fireplace a completely built-in look by combining the tops of fittings with a mantelshelf in a single continuous piece. Or where there is no projection, ceiling-high shelving for books and "collections" can be carried right across the wall over the fireplace. Incidentally, it is a mistake to think that shelves must be crammed to overflowing to justify their existence. Properly proportioned, they make a pleasing decorative pattern in themselves and a single piece of china may look all the better for being allowed a shelf to itself.

QUITE apart from its decorative value, the combination of fittings with the fireplace is logical enough. For, since we normally relax round the fire, it is only sensible to house our books or sewing, even our radio or gramophone close at hand. Nor, in organizing our fireside fitments, should we overlook the possibility of ridding our hearths of the undignified clutter that so often mars them. Coal, logs and that invaluable abomination for some reason called a "companion set" can all be mercifully hidden.

The skilful use of colour alone can go a long way towards unifying the fireplace wall. We can, for example, paint the

Fireplaces

Complete unit of shelves and cupboards extended to the fireplace recesses

Sheridan

New conception of the open hearth with a firebasket. A design equally adaptable to the modern or the traditional scheme. *Girlingstone*

Figured and polished marble for a low-cost fireplace. *Froy of Hammersmith*

chimney recesses a deeper colour than the rest of the walls and continue the colour along the sides of the chimneybreast itself. This will bring the recessed walls apparently nearer the eye and so create the illusion of a flat, unbroken wall. Quite dark colours can be used successfully when, as often happens, the fireplace wall is opposite the windows and is therefore well-lit.

What of the florid, ill-proportioned fireplace we are often saddled with in an old house or converted flat? Sometimes, even a coat of paint the same colour as the walls will make it less obtrusive and therefore less offensive. Marble can be treated like this and there is special heat-resisting paint to disguise the ugliest of tiles.

A slightly more ambitious way of dealing with an eyesore of a fireplace is to box in the whole surround and mantelpiece with a fitting of timber or plywood. It is often impossible to get a fixing on an old iron or marble fireplace, so the "box" must be made first and pushed into position complete. It is usually then fixed to the skirting at each side with small metal plates.

IF we are scrapping an existing fireplace altogether we have two alternatives. We can buy a new one "off-the-peg" or we can design our own—less difficult than it sounds. In either case, restraint should be our watchword since we want our sitting space to encourage a sense of repose.

If your own builder is doing it, a perfectly simple surround of bricks is in many ways ideal. But let them be plain, honest bricks. Those called "multis" in the trade are perhaps the most attractive. Because they have been fired at different temperatures they vary slightly in colour. The general effect is a soft brown with a hint of both darker and brighter undertones. They are free from the harsh conventional red and cement lines and will not make a glaring pattern by contrast.

It is always tempting to buy a made-up fireplace that we can immediately visualize fitted, in fact many people prefer to do this. Makers are producing designs suitable to contemporary and period settings. The important thing is to select a design which will harmonize with the proportions of the room and the character of its architecture. We have all seen and deplored ye olde ingle nooke designed for a baronial mansion that has found its way into a villa, but this need not be. It nearly always happens that the simplest design is the best. It is also the cheapest.

Instead of removing an old surround it is sometimes sufficient to replace worn or ugly tiles with new ones. The marmalade and brawn beloved of builder's merchants tend to blind us to the decorative possibilities of their more modern relations. But hand-painted contemporary tiles cost as little as 3s. 6d. each—plain pastel ones for contrast, even less—and we can use as few or as many as we like. There are curved ones to give a slightly concave surround. A charming "frame" for a modern tiled fireplace is natural waxed timber forming a mantelshelf at the top and carried down the sides to the floor.

At least one fireplace manufacturer has now introduced a range of co-ordinated modern tiles which are made up to individual designs. The tiles can also be bought separately. For it is not necessary to tile the whole surround. We can set a few symmetrical groups round the fireplace opening or we can frame it with a single row of tiles.

Beauty Up to Date

The ideal beauty routine is flexible enough to admit the changing needs of beauty on the one hand, and new improved methods of beauty culture on the other

by

Chrysis

EVERY woman, wisely concerned with her appearance, makes a periodical survey of her beauty routine. Now, when harsh weather conditions show up the least deficiency in the care of eyes, hands, hair and skin, is the best time of all to ask the questions: "Am I using the right preparations for my beauty problems?" "Are there any others which will do the job more efficiently?"

If a complexion is less clear, less smooth than it could be, then perhaps a change of skinfood, a special cream may improve it. Hands which are dry and rough need special treatment to guard against harsh winds and winter chores Lack lustre hair needs a hair tonic to compensate for the absence of nature's conditioner of summer sun and fresh air.

* * *

IT pays to be experimental with beauty preparations and make-up. Nature is ever-changing, and a beauty routine, however well suited to a particular skin condition last year, need not necessarily be correct now. Skin tones, for instance, alter, not only dramatically from season to season, but subtly from year to year. A shade of powder, becoming to a young peach bloom complexion, may not flatter the same skin at thirty or forty. Similarly, a corrective preparation may no longer be necessary, after its aim has been achieved, and the complexion has returned to normal.

On the page opposite, there is a brief survey of some of the best preparations, new and well-established. New preparations may have appeared, old ones may have been overlooked, which will deal more effectively with your beauty problems than those you are using at the moment. Check them over and see whether a minor substitution, or a radical change, is indicated in your own case.

If you would like further details of any of the treatments mentioned in this article, please write to Chrysis, Britannia and Eve, Ingram House, 195, Strand, W.C.2.

Complexions

PROBABLY the most widespread complexion trouble at this time of year is over-dryness. Choose, among all the wide variety of nourishing creams now on the market, the one which will best guard your complexion against trying weather conditions. For the skin which is rather sallow as well as dry, there is a special cream with lightening properties, which is non-greasy and so can be left on overnight. For the normally oily skin, which is only superficially roughened by cold winds, there is an excellent lightweight cream which soothes without aggravating the natural greasiness. The young, healthy complexion which is parched and dry can be corrected by nightly applications of an extra specially rich night cream. The dry, mature skin, however, needs more elaborate care.

For the over-dry mature skin, Charles of the Ritz has an excellent routine. This consists of a super-rich cream at night and a Revenescence cream or lotion worn beneath the make-up during the day, so that the skin has all-the-clock-round nourishment. Unless a tinted foundation is required, it will act as foundation for a light, natural make-up.

No one will say that spots and blemishes can be cured by creams and lotions alone, but attention to diet, plus a skin treatment, will clear them more quickly. There is an acne treatment which consists of a medicated soap, a medicated cream for night use and a medicated lotion which serves as a foundation during the day.

Eyes

WITH fashion placing important accent upon eye make-up, care of the eyes should be given as much importance as the care of the complexion.

Eye care, like beauty itself, starts with a sensible regard of health. While clever make-up can conceal an out-of-sorts complexion, no amount of make-up will give sparkle to lack-lustre eyes. Fatigue is a great enemy of eye beauty, and an adequate quota of sleep is more effective for dark rings than the most magical eye cream in the world. When sufficient rest has been assured, then a Special Eye Cream can be used to treat hollows round the eyes.

Puffy eyes are also often due to fatigue, in which case the best treatment is a good night's rest. Puffiness can also be due to some digestive upset, constipation or a slight kidney disorder, and will disappear only when the cause has been diagnosed and cured. This is a case, of course, for medical and not a beautician's advice. Meantime, however, eye compresses impregnated with eye lotion will do a great deal to reduce the puffiness. Sometimes a special Cream Mask helps, too.

Most often, the first signs of age come to a woman in the fine network of lines round her eyes. These can be kept at bay by use of a good eye emollient cream.

There is an eyelash cream which lubricates the lashes and stimulates their growth. It can, too, be used to groom the lashes when no mascara is used.

Hair

FIRST essential for hair beauty in this season of bad weather is a good shampoo. A famous London hairdresser has just produced a new shampoo to a formula which embodies all his invaluable knowledge about the structure and character of human hair. This is a bland, fragrantly-perfumed cream shampoo, entirely free of any harsh abrasives which might scour and weaken the hair. It contains two special ingredients particularly suitable for fine, soft hair at the one extreme, and coarse, dry hair at the other. Not its least attraction is the moderate price of 1s. 6d. for a tube containing sufficient for two generous shampoos.

Hair impoverished by injudicious perms or general neglect needs a hair-conditioner. One hair-conditioning treatment can be combined with the weekly shampoo, and consists of a cream which is massaged into the hair and scalp immediately after washing. Four to six treatments at weekly or fortnightly intervals should restore a healthy sheen to badly-conditioned hair.

The attitude towards hair colouring has undergone a radical change since the advent of colour rinses. The alternative is no longer "be mousey or dye." Colour rinses are excellent in those cases of loss of natural colour and light, where a permanent dye is certainly not advisable. Darkening blondes, fading Titians, and the mousey "in-betweens," can restore the colour with the appropriate rinse.

Hands

HANDS are beauty's poor relations in winter. Splitting nails, ragged cuticles, red and roughened skin tell the tale of winter chores and exposure to harsh weathers, all of which should disappear with the correct care and treatment.

The first essential is two, not one, types of hand cream. One should be a light, "vanishing" type of cream to be applied to the hands after they have been in water. The other is a heavier, richer type of "feeding" cream which should be applied at night when the hands are very rough and sore. Of the light, vanishing type, there is a delicately-perfumed lanolin hand cream and a new, doubly-homogenised lanolin cream makes an excellent night treatment. They are only 2s. 6d. and 1s. 3d. each.

The older woman should take extra care of her hands, for neglected hands can betray a youthful face. The new hormone hand creams will keep them soft and young-looking.

The older woman who has been distressed to discover brown so-called "liver" spots on her hands, will be glad to know that there is a new cream which claims to fade the marks.

Dry, splitting nails can be nourished back to strength with a Brittle Nail Cream. This, though sure, is a long job. Meanwhile, use the Nail Builder technique. This consists of two protective films, one under the nail varnish, the other on top, which guard the nails and enable them to grow longer and stronger.

This jacket takes **10** ozs. Templeton's "Ayrbeam" Super Scotch Fingering in grey and **2** ozs. in white. It is worked on No. **10** needles at a tension of **7½** sts. and **10** rows to **1** in. and fits a **36**-in. bust.

A Jacket For Spring

THE waistband is worked first of all. Cast on 32 sts. in the main colour and work st.-st. for 26 ins. (or longer or shorter to fit waist snugly).

Now work 3 sts., cast off 2, work 2, cast off 2, work 2, cast off 2, work 6, cast off 2, work 2, cast off 2, work 2, cast off 2, work 3.

Cast the st. on in next row.

Work 3 more rows. Cast off.

Fold work in half lengthwise, inside out, and sew along the length.

Turn right side out and sew the ends neatly. Press under damp cloth.

Oversew the 3 buttonholes. Sew on buttons.

Arrange belt as though fastened and pick up the stitches for upper part of back, from side seam to side seam, taking up 130, which should be quite easy, as there are 13 ins. with 10 rows to each inch. Start at right side and k. each one as it is picked up.

Work in main colour st.-st. for 18 rows, then use the lighter colour for 2 rows. Repeat these 20 rows until there are four light-coloured stripes and work measures 8 ins. K.2 tog. at beg. and end of every row for 14 rows, leaving 102 sts. Work straight until there are 9 ins. round curve of armholes. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of 10 rows, leaving 32 sts. Cast off.

THE LEFT FRONT. Pick up and knit 70 sts. along belt from side seam to end on the button side. Cast on 10 extra sts. at front edge to make flap.

Work stripes as back, and decrease at side seam 14 times for armhole (66 sts.). When there are 7½ ins. round curve of armhole, cast off 20 sts. at neck (46 sts.). Now k.2 tog. at neck edge on every row until there are 35 sts. Work a few rows if needed to make the same stripes as back. Cast off 7 sts. at armhole edge on every row 5 times.

THE RIGHT FRONT. Pick up and work as left, but place buttonholes every inch (8 rows between the 2 buttonhole rows) and work them as follows:

On a k. row, k. 4, cast off 2, k. 8, cast off 2, k. 4.

Cast them on in next row. (The pair of holes are later to be sewn together when flap is hemmed.)

The last buttonhole must come within 2 rows of neck. Finish as left front.

THE SLEEVES (2 alike). With main colour, cast on 60 sts. Work 10 rows for an extra hem, then work a light stripe, and continue stripes as back and at same time m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 6th row until there are 98 sts.

Work straight until there are 8 stripes from casting-on.

K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 54 sts. Cast off.

(*Continued on page* 53)

The abbreviations used in this pattern are : K.=knit ; P.=purl ; st(s).=stitch(es) ; st.-st.=stocking stitch ; tog.=together ; inc.=increase by knitting or purling twice into the same stitch ; dec.=decrease by taking 2 sts. together ; patt.=pattern ; rep.=repeat ; cont.=continue ; beg.=beginning ; wft.=leave wool in front ; wfd.=wool forward ; M.1=make a st. by bringing wool to front, round pin and to front again ; ins.=inches.

THE dress is begun at the back lower hem. Using No. 10 pins, cast on 152 sts. and work in garter stitch for 6 rows.

Commence patt. thus :

1st row.—(Right side of work) k. 2, * m. 1 (p. 2 tog.) twice, wft., k. 8, rep. from * to last 6 sts., m. 1 (p. 2 tog.) twice, wft., k. 2.

2nd row.—Purl. Rep. these 2 rows once more.

5th row.—K. 8, * m. 1 (p. 2 tog.) twice, wft., k. 8, rep. from * to end.

6th row.—Purl. Rep. the last 2 rows once more. These 8 rows form one patt. Cont. in patt. until work measures 12 ins. from the cast-on edge, finishing at the end of a patt. Change to No. 13 pins.

Next row.—(Wrong side of work) p. 4 (p. 4 tog., p. 3, p. 4 tog., p. 2) 11 times, p. 5 (86 sts.). Now work in st.-st. for 1 in.

Change to No. 11 pins and cont. in st.-st., shaping armholes by casting off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows and dec. at each end of the following 5 rows (66 sts.).

Cont. straight (in st.-st.) until work measures 16½ ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape neck thus :

(Right side of work) k. 22, cast off 22 (loop on pin), k. 21.

Cont. in st.-st. for 4 rows, dec. at the neck edge on the first 2 rows (20 sts.). Cast off.

Rejoin wool at remaining sts. and work other side to match.

THE FRONT. Work as for back until work measures 16 ins. from the cast-on edge. Shape neck thus :

(Right side of work) k. 22, cast off 22 (loop on pin), k. 21.

Cont. in st.-st. until work measures 17 ins. from the cast-on edge, dec. at the neck edge on the first 2 rows. Cast off.

Rejoin wool at remaining sts. and work other side to match.

THE NECK BORDER. Using No. 13 pins, and holding the right side of BACK towards you, pick up and k. 30 sts. round neck. Work in garter st. for 6 rows. Cast off. Work a similar border round front of neck but picking up 42 sts. Join shoulders for ½ in. only. Fasten with press-studs.

THE SLEEVES. Using No. 13 pins, cast on 46 sts. and work in garter st. for 6 rows.

Next row.—(Wrong side of work) (p. 1, inc.) 22 times, p. 2 (68 sts.).

Change to No. 10 pins and cont. in patt. until work measures 3 ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape top of sleeve by dec. at each end of every row until 20 sts. remain. Cast off. Work another sleeve to match.

MAKING UP. Press lightly, avoiding the waist-line. Join seams and insert sleeves.

Dress For A Two-Year-Old

This little girl's dress was made from 5 ozs. of Bairnswear Lamb's Wool 3-ply in pink, worked on No. 10, 11 and 13 needles. It measures 17 ins. from shoulder to hem, and fits a 22-in. chest. The pattern in the skirt, though effective, is a simple one, which novice knitters should be able to tackle easily. Tension should be 7½ stitches to the inch measured over the stocking stitch worked on No. 10 needles.

MARGARET SHARP

SHOPPING

For The Bathroom

THIS tufted bathmat with the amusing "Footprints" design is exclusive to Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge. There is a choice of colour schemes, black prints on white, or white prints on black, blue, peach, green, rose, gold and rust. They are 53s. 3d. each.

The fish nail-brush and back-scrubber are another gay idea for cheering up the bathroom. The ones photographed were pink, but they can be had in other colours from Fenwicks of Bond Street. The nail-brush is 7s. 6d., the back brush 11s. 6d.

Not photographed but worth noting are shampoo sprays (which can be attached to any type of tap) in pretty pastel colours to match individual bathroom colour schemes. They are really good value from John Lewis at 19s. 11d.

For those who are going to redecorate the bathroom completely, Wallcharm Emulsion is just the thing for the walls. This is what might be called a new plastic paint. Although it produces a delicate eggshell finish, this emulsion is as tough as paint and will stand up to repeated washing. Home decorators will be glad to know that it is extremely easy to apply, and so long as the wall surface is clean, can be put over old distemper, wallpaper or straight on to the plaster. It is phenomenally quick in drying so that the first and second coat can all be done in one session. It dries without showing brushmarks or join lines. Wallcharm Emulsion is available in eight pastel shades and white.

For The Table

A NOVELTY serviette-holder in the shape of a Senorita makes an effective table centrepiece when the more orthodox flower arrangements prove expensively elusive. She can be blue, pink, green or red and her skirt is made from a dozen paper serviettes. From Selfridges table stationery department, price 13s. 9d.

The delicate charm of the Jersey pottery cruet set photographed would grace any table, formal or informal. They are made in several subtle colours, including the delicate silvery green of the one in the picture. Price 18s. 3d., from Manvin, of Wigmore Street.

For a modern table décor, nothing could be more attractive than Liberty's walnut-handled cutlery. The full suite is available at most moderate prices, and includes small fruit knives for 6s. 7d. each, which, with their small matching forks, would make a perfect dessert set in themselves. The attractively sturdy glasses (a useful size in these days when one glass must often do duty for dinner wine and aperitif) with a raised bobble decoration is also good value from Liberty's at 31s. 3d. the set of six.

The makers of Phœnix heat-resisting glass have now brought out a "foursome" dinner service in clear heat-resisting glass at the economic price of 44s. 9d. This comprises 4 meat plates, 4 side plates, 4 sweet plates, a meat platter, vegetable dish with reversible lid and gravy boat with platter. This provides the basic necessities for a party of four and replacements and additions can be made at any time.

FOR YOU

For The Kitchen

AVAILABLE again, after an absence of many years, are the gaily-painted tins which used to brighten pre-war kitchens. From the range of attractive designs, we choose the Viennese tea and sugar tins which are 5s. 3d. the pair.

Plastic food basins with tight-fitting lids are ideal for keeping foods and liquids and storing left-overs in refrigerator or pantry. Their flexibility, incidentally, makes for easy pouring. They cost 3s. 4d. each.

Inexpensive and gay, the Bex cutlery tray, in pastel coloured plastic, is excellent for keeping the kitchen cutlery in order. A good buy at 5s. 11d. from John Lewis.

Not in the picture, but worth consideration by cooks who take themselves seriously as confectioners, is a Cake Marker. Essential for more ambitious cake-decorating, it not only marks out the cake top into equal sections, but also acts as a stencil for two different scroll designs. A useful kitchen aid for 2s. 3d.

Drying clothes indoors on bad days is a chore usually done in the kitchen, and here are two ideas to help. John Lewis have a jumper drier, an affair of string net with slat supports, for woollies which have to be dried flat. It costs about 5s. 6d. An electric fan, usually associated with summer, can be used for clothes drying in winter, too. The drying principle involved is the circulation of air—aren't windy days always the best drying days? G.E.C. have a rubber-bladed electric fan which obviates the risk of damage should the clothes accidentally blow too near.

For The Linen Cupboard

ALTHOUGH prices of household linen have recently come down, good stuff is still rather expensive. There is, however, more variety now and we choose two unusual items for our photographs. The Dunswayne bed-set has an unusual coloured frill trimming to sheet and pillow-case. These are from John Lewis, the single bed size £2 2s., the double bed size, with two pillow-cases, £3 9s. 6d. Both sizes are available with deep pink, mauve, green or peach frill.

Coloured towels are in, in a big way. The most novel is a "Queen of Hearts" bath towel, a faithful reproduction from a playing-card in red, black and yellow. It is a generous size, 36 ins. by 60 ins., and costs 29s. 6d. from Harvey Nichols.

Another printed towel had a delightful pattern of sea horses in green, gold, rust and blue on white, in the same luxury quality towelling at 27s. 9d. Or for rather more orthodox tastes, there is the Swan Range in green, peach, blue or gold with self-coloured design. The range includes hand towels at 18s. 6d., bath towels at 35s. 6d., bath sheets at 79s. 6d., with matching bath mat, 42s. These are all to be seen at Harvey Nichols. Robinson and Cleaver, of Regent Street, have some very pretty hand-painted linen guest towels at 20s. 3d. a pair for special visitors. The colours, though delicate, are guaranteed fast.

For the storage section of the linen cupboard, get some Porothene storage bags. They will keep blankets and eiderdowns clean and moth-free during the coming summer. Price 2s. 6d. to 6s.

Cradles Will Rock

By Barbara Sim

AS long as there are babies there will be new theories about their care. "Experts" surround us on all sides and there is no doubt the modern mother has learned a great deal from them. But scientific and medical research progresses at speed in these times and new theories are produced with somewhat confusing results to the lay mind.

In the sphere of child care we are left at the moment suspended between the new world and the old. The most recent school of thought is busy promoting the back-to-nature theory, while conscientious mothers steeped in the rigid practices of the past are left wondering.

For example, the time-honoured practice of rocking the baby to sleep is now commended. The new-old theory is already reflecting itself in the world of commerce. Cribs are fitted with rockers; a rocking-frame for carry-cots is now offered, and so emphatic are the experts upon the psychological value of this soothing motion that rocking-chairs for adults are coming into the shops.

One cannot help wondering if we *are* progressing since the first recorded cradles appeared nearly six centuries ago.

It would almost seem as if, after all, babies know best, for they love to be rocked. The pleasure of rhythmic movement is seen in old people and captive animals and in the joy of a child on a swing, and every mother knows the satisfaction of rocking a child in her arms.

When science began its reign over the nursery, mothers were warned to keep their babies *still*, though there seems to have been no good physiological reason for it. "Routine" was the order of the day and, it must be admitted, the creature comforts of our little ones were often sacrificed to it.

A new generation of mothers grew up who were instructed to discard Nature s own methods in favour of the mechanised routine. Some of us may have thought it odd that babies seemed happiest being cuddled and rocked instead of being firmly placed in a cot alone and still, but who were we to contradict the experts?

The teaching of Sir Truby King had a wide influence. This New Zealand doctor was a pioneer whose work will always be respected, but as so often happens, early responses to his theories were somewhat immoderate.

Sir Truby let a lot of fresh air into nurseries and he was insistent that sleeping babies must be roused when the clock pointed to feeding-time—now almost a crime, according to the newest practice. His *Mothercraft Book*, published in successive editions since 1913, says: "*The establishment of perfect regularity of habits, initiated by 'Feeding and Sleeping by the Clock,' is the ultimate foundation of all obedience. Granted good organic foundations, truth and honour can be built into the edifice as it grows.*" And elsewhere: "*Babies should not be put to sleep by patting, dandling or rocking. Don't use rocking-chairs or cradles with rockers.*"

This teaching influenced the mothers of a whole generation. With the clockwork routine came also the mania for fresh air. Pink-nosed offspring were put to sleep upon ice-cold balconies to "harden." In fairness it must be said that few of them seemed to come to much harm.

To-day the back-to-nature school have put the clock back in one sense and banished it altogether in another.

SOME more conservative—shall we say "cautious"?—members of the medical and nursing professions still stand by routine. In the vanguard are those who believe in "feeding on demand," and picking the child up when it cries if rock-a-bye doesn't get results.

So what is the bewildered mother to do about it?

Throughout the phase of clockwork baby care many mothers have been conscious of a feeling of frustration. We have been too much called upon to curb our powerful instincts. Research claims now to have shown that mothering is essential to healthy emotional development. This really needs no statistics to prove it, but "theories" have confused the mother to such an extent that she doubts her own instinctive judgment. I brought up my own baby on a fairly rigid routine. Now I wish I had practised a little more mothering, as my own mother so often advised.

Women, I feel convinced, must dig more deeply into their own instincts for guidance. While a baby is obviously thriving and happy, theories are superfluous. Flexibility of treatment is a new and welcome theory, but if rocking is to be the order of the day can we not practise it because we and the babies enjoy it, not just because the experts say so?

KAYSER BONDOR *present*

7 *steps to loveliness..*

—at prices you can afford!

SEVEN PRETTY STEPS — seven lovely secrets — the seven answers to any question about undies and stockings. And *all* from Kayser Bondor. Every garment is a dream of loveliness; all are perfect in fit; all are exquisite in finish. Only Kayser Bondor can give you this luxury at prices you can afford.

Guarantee All garments bearing the name Kayser Bondor are guaranteed. Should there be any cause for dissatisfaction in the material or manufacture, Kayser Bondor will replace the garment.

Slips

Perfect in fit and finish, these slips are made in 7 sizes with two lengths to a size in some styles. They're in rayon tricot, crepes, satins, and nylon tricot at prices from 9/11 to 55/-.

Pantees

In rayon tricot and nylon tricot from 5/3 to 29/-. Briefs from 4/3 to 8/11. French knickers in crepes, satins, and nylon tricot from 9/11 to 21/-.

Stockings

Silk and rayon mixture 5/11 and 6/11. Chiffon lisle 8/6. Pure silk service weight 8/11. All available in three leg lengths. And, of course, nylons from 8/11 to 11/2.

Pyjamas

Perfectly tailored in spun rayon, poplin, crepe, and wool mixture, these beautiful pyjamas range in price from 25/6 to 65/-.

Nightdresses

Dreams of delight in nylon chiffon, crepe, pure wool and wool mixture — and in rayon tricot, too. Beauty and comfort from 18/11 to 105/-.

Suspender belts

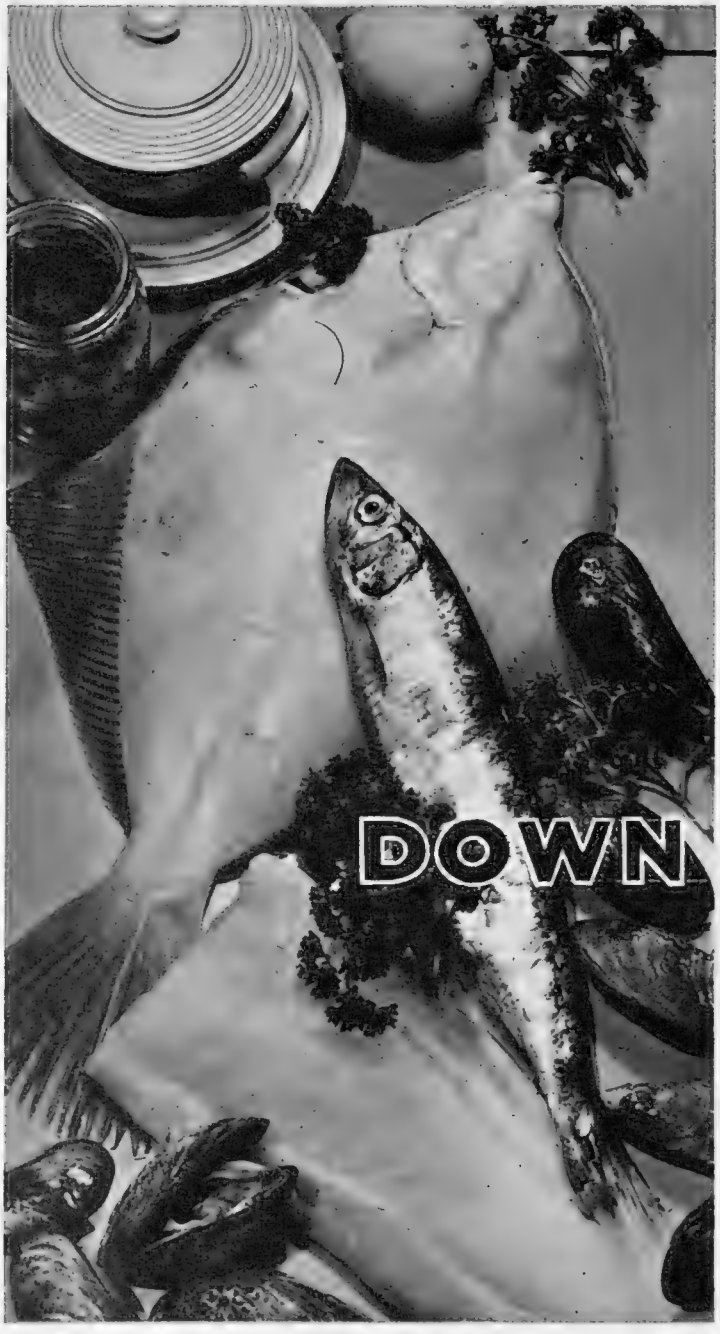
There are suspender belts, practical and beautifully finished, in depths of 2", 4" and 6", from 5/11 to 13/6.

Brassieres

Perfectly proportioned in three cup fittings and designed to give that "uplift to beauty" from 4/11 to 17/6.

tailored with you in mind

KAYSER BONDOR



DOWN WITH COD

You want a change from fried fish and steamed with parsley sauce, but you want it without much trouble, so here it is.

BY JANET DARBY

AND down with parsley sauce, too, while we 're about it. Too long have my dreams been haunted by that pallid corpse, masked with green-flecked paperhanger's paste! But let me explain, in more moderate language, why our standard fish dish should be banished from British kitchens and replaced by fishy food which is attractive to look at, not too complicated to prepare, and far more attractive to taste.

Which brings me back to cod. I 've nothing against it. It 's full of nourishment, easy to digest and, properly treated, it can produce an astonishing variety of appetising meals. Fish soup, fish mulligatawny soup, fish mornay, fish steaks, brandade de morue, and the delicious bacalao—all are based on cod, and none is difficult to make.

Let us start with the soups, since these are the customary beginning to a meal. In Scandinavia, however, fish soups are regarded as a meal in themselves, and rightly so. Take Fish Soup with Dumplings. You will need the top half of a cod, including the head; about 2 lb. in all. Cut off about ½ lb. of the raw flesh and put it aside for the time being. Scale and wash the rest of the fish, but do not bother to skin it. Put it into a pan, add a quart of lukewarm water, with a large sliced onion, two or three sticks of chopped celery, some fresh parsley, root and all, if obtainable, a pinch of mace, two peppercorns, half a teaspoonful of Marmite or meat extract. Cook gently for an hour, then rub all through a sieve. Thicken with a rounded dessertspoonful of cornflour, smooth to a cream in a little cold water, and bring the soup to boiling-point, stirring. Now add about an ounce of butter or margarine and leave the soup to cook gently while you make the fish-balls. Of course you can serve the soup as it is and use the raw fish for another meal, but if you intend this to be the main course, do add the fish-balls. They are made as follows:

Mince the raw fish with a very little onion, mix with a slice of bread which has been soaked in water and then squeezed nearly dry, season with salt, pepper and a pinch of thyme, and mix to a thick paste with beaten egg. Roll into small dumplings. Drop the fish-balls into the boiling soup, season to taste, and simmer for five minutes. Serve very hot. These quantities will make five to six servings.

For Fish Mulligatawny, omit the fish-balls and add a rounded teaspoonful of curry powder to the soup. Cook for five minutes before serving.

With the ½ lb. of raw fish you can make Fish à la Mornay, a delicate supper or luncheon dish. Cook the fish in seasoned water for eight minutes. Drain, but retain the fish stock. Break the fish into flakes, but do not chop. Make a sauce by melting 1 oz. of margarine, stirring into it a flat tablespoonful of flour or cornflour. Cook till it begins to bubble, then add by degrees a gill of milk and half a pint of the fish stock. Cook, stirring, until the mixture is smooth and thick. Add 2 ozs. of grated cheese—more if you can spare it—and pepper and salt to taste. Do not allow the sauce to boil after you have added the cheese, but simmer gently. Put the flaked fish in a greased Pyrex dish, pour the sauce over it and stand aside while you prepare and mash some boiled potatoes. Place a thick layer of mashed potatoes on top of the fish, grate a little more cheese on top, dab with a few spots of margarine, and brown in the oven. Nice, very nice, for two or three people.

Or you can use the ½ lb. of raw fish to make Brandade de Morue. Put the fish into water as before, boil, drain and flake it. Put the flakes in a Pyrex dish and stir into them two tablespoonfuls of hot olive oil. Add a crushed clove of garlic if you like it, then add four more tablespoonfuls of hot oil, stirring. Season with salt and pepper, and at the very last add a quarter of a teacupful of boiling milk. Serve with plain boiled rice or mashed potatoes. Enough for two people.

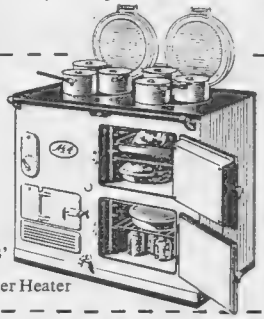
FISH Steaks can be made with cod, hake or even halibut. Allow one steak per person. Wash and dry the fish, rub the surface of each steak with salt and pepper and brush with oil. If you are cooking three steaks you will need six teaspoonfuls of breadcrumbs, two tablespoonfuls margarine, one chopped shallot or small onion, two teaspoonfuls mixed herbs (preferably thyme, parsley and chervil). Mix these together, bind with a beaten egg, and spread each steak with a layer. Place a strip of bacon on each and bake for half an hour in a moderate oven. Serve with lemon. (*Continued on page* 54)

Of course you want the AGA way of life —are you sure how to get it?

Play catch-as-cat-can *round this Catalogue!*

DARE YOU CALL YOURSELF "AVERAGE"?

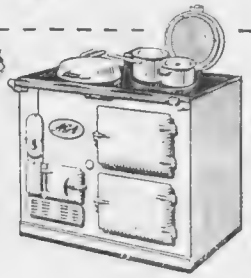
This (1) is the 'CB'—best-beloved Aga of all. (And justly). Simmering Oven, Roasting Oven, Boiling Plate and Simmering Plate (see ● below). AND hot water all day long. *AND* it cannot burn more than 3½ tons of fuel a year. Total running cost —about 1/- a day!



1 Aga 'CB' Cooker and Water Heater

TOP-NOTCH COOKER (2) FOR "MEDIUM" FAMILY.

Two ovens — one roasting, one simmering (see ● below). Two hotplates, one boiling, one simmering (see ● below). One tiny fuel bill: the Aga 'C' cannot burn more than 2½ tons a year.



2 Aga 'C' Cooker

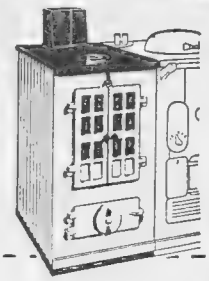
DITTO + OPEN FIRE + HOT WATER.

Beside your Aga 'C' (2), have an Aga Open Fire Boiler (3). Enough hot water for almost incessant baths — and an open fire to sit by when you want it. When you don't, just shut the doors!

DITTO + *BEAUTIFUL* BOILER!

Ah! The Agamatic Model C! (4) The boiler that never goes out, never needs adjusting, and never, never, *never* makes a nuisance of itself.

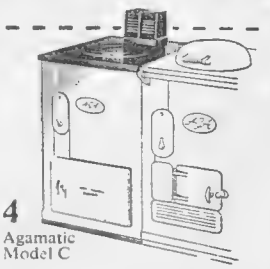
It heats a lot of water — very quickly, very hot.



3 Aga Open Fire Boiler

"BUT WE HAVE NO RUNNING WATER!"

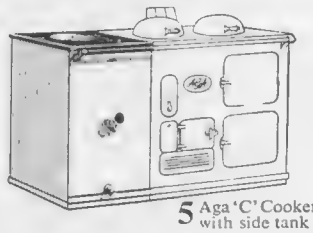
Madam, this is absolutely *you*. Look (5) Same two ovens. Same two hotplates (see ● below). And *fifteen gallons* of hot water always ready on tap — and it cannot burn more than 3 tons a year — less than 1/- a day to run!



4 Agamatic Model C

BIG COMFORTABLE KITCHEN

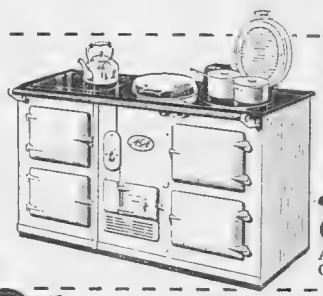
For big comfort-loving household. The boiler (3) gives you the cheery open fire to sit by. The Aga 'E' (6) is a cooker to sit down and think about. (follow the wool down)



5 Aga 'C' Cooker with side tank

LARGER HOUSEHOLD, LOTS OF HOT WATER.

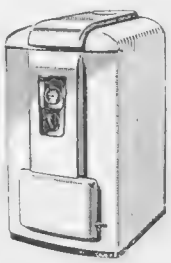
Take the Agamatic Model C (4) (lots of hot water, very hot, very quickly, very easily: the fire never goes out) and stand it beside the Aga 'E' (6). (follow wool)



6 Aga 'E' Cooker

A BROTH OF A BOILER

This new Agamatic (7) stands alone. Handsome is and handsome does — it never lets you down. Perfectly clean, perfectly safe, perfectly automatic.



7 The Agamatic

READY FOR COOK'S TOUR DE FORCE

The Aga 'E' (6) has four ovens— Roasting, Baking, Simmering and Warming. It has a boiling plate, a simmering plate, and a warming plate. *And*, use it as much as you like, it *cannot* burn more than 3 tons a year.

ALL AGA COOKERS HAVE

- Roasting oven big enough to do justice to a 20 lb. turkey.
- Simmering oven (same size) for overnight cooking, and to keep hot meals hot for hours without spoiling.
- Boiling Plate (big enough to take 3 eight-pint pans) that boils water at a pint a minute, also grills, fries, toasts.
- Simmering plate that won't even let milk boil over.
- Thermostat to keep everything always at the right cooking temperature. No dampers, no coaxing, no fuss.
- A ten-year guarantee.
- Really generous Hire Purchase: up to five years for cookers, two years for boilers. And remember — no Purchase Tax to pay.

With all these things—less work for the lady of the house

- No fires to light and lay each morning (the fire never goes out).
- No fumes, no clinker, no soot — no flying ash, no dampers: above all, no bother.

Now then. Wouldn't you like to know a little more about it? You have only to ask — and there's lots more to say.

Please write to: **AGA HEAT LIMITED**

58/1 Orchard House, Orchard Street, London, W.1.

The words 'Aga' and 'Agamatic' are registered trade marks of Aga Heat Ltd.

The Green-Eyed Monster (*Continued from page 28*)

"Quite," said the young man, and Lucinda felt a little crushed. "I suppose," he added lugubriously, "I suppose you write too?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't. Well, actually it's a good thing because there simply wouldn't be time. I'm a sort of freelance typist. At the moment I'm involved with Louis XIV."

"Aren't you sweet," said the young man.

Lucinda found him very easy to talk to. He had a great deal of childish brown hair and large surprised eyes. Unkind friends called him "Rabbit." He wrote extremely passionate poetry.

"Who or what," said Jeremy, after her guest had gone, "was that?"

"His name's Quilter Gracie."

"I dislike disarming faces above such very noisy shirts. Who on earth brought him? Not that it matters. It was a good party. Did little Lord Fauntleroy enjoy it? Or perhaps I shouldn't ask."

"Don't be idiotic," said Lucinda crossly.

Now Lucinda was no more reasonable than is becoming in any other young woman of twenty-one. And because she was annoyed with Jeremy she found it impossible to tell him that she had really felt very shy at her own party, and extremely grateful to Quilter Gracie for talking to her.

"DARLING," Jeremy said a few days later, "I hear your boy friend is no end of a fellow. He writes copious and very purple poetry, and models himself on Swinburne."

Lucinda wanted to agree with him. In the ordinary way it would have been fun to laugh at young Gracie with Jeremy. But somehow the situation, so trivial and unimportant, seemed to have assumed a totally unnecessary significance. "As a matter of fact," she said, "his last book had wonderful notices. He offered to come and read us some of the sonnets. I said you didn't work on Saturday afternoons and that he could come in for a drink between five and six."

"You did, did you? Well, kick me if I laugh. I'm sorry, my pet, but the yearnings of Casanova do not go well with a Christopher Robin exterior."

Lucinda found this very surprising. It seemed to her peculiar that Jeremy should find Mr. Gracie of sufficient importance to belittle with so much venom.

"I thought," she said, with some dignity, "that you liked me to form my own interests. I thought you'd enjoy hearing a major poet reading his own work in your drawing-room."

"I certainly might enjoy listening to a *major* poet under m'own roof" said Jeremy coolly, "but it's never happened yet and so far as I know it's not likely to happen."

NEXT Saturday, Mr. Quilter Gracie arrived punctually at five o'clock, in an overcoat rather too large for him, and carrying a flat suitcase containing several typewritten sheets of paper fastened with small brass clips. He seemed a little shy and sulky with Jeremy. He drank two glasses of sherry and told them that his hobby was weaving.

"I never know," said Jeremy, "what people mean when they talk about hobbies."

"They're what you do with your leisure," said Lucinda hastily, for poor Mr. Gracie was looking vexed.

"On the contrary, they leave one without leisure," explained Jeremy. "They occupy all those entrancing moments otherwise devoted to complete and healthy idleness. I disapprove of them on principle; any adult person should be sufficiently civilized to enable him to do nothing gracefully."

"I disagree with you," said Mr. Gracie, "the spectacle of a large man sweating like a pig in shirt sleeves is usually a source of delight to his wife. Since he cannot add aesthetically to his wife's enjoyment, let him at least be useful."

"We have wandered off the point," said Jeremy angrily. He, after all, was large and not, strictly speaking, beautiful.

"Do read us one of your sonnets, Mr. Gracie," begged Lucinda hastily.

"Certainly," said the poet. He opened his case and spread several papers on his knee.

"Mind if I smoke a pipe?" asked Jeremy.

"Not a bit." Mr. Gracie's smile was gentle and indulgent. "This one is called 'The Water Lily Sits For Her Portrait.'"

LUCINDA folded her hands in her lap. She liked being read to. Jeremy read her *The Times* leaders, and the jokes in *Punch* after she had seen them for herself, and the manuscripts of his own work. She enjoyed the peace which, even when broken, called for no stronger comment than "Ah," expressed with that special inflection which conveyed so much at such relatively little cost.

Jeremy, puffing at his pipe with deliberate effrontery, was ruffled. This young man, he decided, could indeed write. The purple patches were there all right, but they were very good purple patches. Jeremy decided that he liked Mr. Gracie less than ever.

"*Ah!*" said Lucinda carefully. Yes, she had got the note exactly right, for the poet's prominent eyes were shining.

"I brought," he said selecting a paper, "rather a favourite of mine, 'The Wedding of the Tulip and the Daffodil.'"

"Are they all equally horticultural?" asked Jeremy. He knew that he was neglecting the sacred laws of hospitality, but it annoyed him that Mr. Gracie knew his job, and it vexed him even more to observe that Lucinda, who knew nothing of modern poetry, was pretending to be really interested.

A good deal to her surprise, and to Jeremy's immense chagrin, Mr. Gracie merely exchanged a little smile with Lucinda and made no reply. It was as though he had said: "Let's leave this Philistine out of it." Which, of course, was impertinent and not even accurate, but Jeremy had asked for it.

WHEN the young man had returned the verses to his case and gone home Lucinda said: "I think he's got a future, and it *is* clever, Jeremy."

"Clever? That's exactly what it is. What more does he want?"

"I don't see why you need mind him."

"My dear girl, I'm merely a little depressed by the prevalence of so much indisputable intelligence. If he comes again next Saturday I shall go and play long manly games of golf."

"Between five and six, darling?"

"That particular hour, my sweet, I shall spend in the clubhouse bar, explaining what I did at the tenth hole and why."

"Oh, Jeremy, you can't. He'll be offended."

"You will be there, darling, an audience of one, infinitely rewarding."

"I don't know why you're being so silly about it, Jeremy. I thought you liked modern poetry."

"But not modern poets. That is to say, not invariably. Never by any chance when they have lank hair and wistful smiles."

"If you feel like that there's nothing more to say. Whom shall I get to come here instead?"

"I couldn't guess. Is it so necessary to get anyone? If so, what about a nice quiet girl friend. Then you can clutch at each other and gasp your admiration."

Lucinda did not consider it necessary to reply. Her capacity to listen extended even to disagreement. This was most useful, serving as a considerable irritant to the instigator, without appreciable loss of face.

WHEN, therefore, Mr. Quilter Gracie arrived on Saturday afternoon with a sheaf of papers, he found his hostess supported not by her husband, but by a couple of eager female friends. This pleased him very much for Mr. Gracie was more at his ease in feminine society. He accepted a great deal of praise with extreme calm, was a little cool and patronizing to the admiring girls, and fixed his bright, his perpetually startled gaze, upon Lucinda. Her capacity for silent calm seemed to him very captivating. He was certain that it denoted profound depths; wherein he erred. It was not art but common sense which kept Lucinda quiet. She had nothing to say and preferred not to cloak it. Gracie found himself charmed. He became very articulate indeed; the two girls interrupted hopefully, but Lucinda listened. "There is a certain affinity between great poetry and great painting," said Mr. Gracie, "some people find in Swinburne, for example, a counterpart to the eighteenth-century painter, Boucher."

"Oh, Mr. Gracie," said one of the girls, "we hope you don't mind us saying so, but you remind us *so* much of Swinburne yourself."

Mr. Gracie looked at Lucinda who said: "Yes." And she blushed, not because her affirmative made her feel self conscious, but because she couldn't think of anything else to say. But Mr. Gracie was delighted. He went home with some entirely erroneous ideas in his head which made him very happy indeed.

"And how did the great reading go?" asked Jeremy as he put his golf clubs away.

"Oh, rather well."

"And when is our bright young friend calling again?"

"I wouldn't know. Why do you dislike him, Jeremy?"

"Dislike him? I don't. But I hate being bored."

"You used to say golf bored you."

"But not to the same extent as dear Gracie."

"I think you're being rather silly."

"Don't be wistful, we aren't. Should I be destroying the romantic mood, engendered by much Swinburne and sugar, if I said I was hungry?"

LUCINDA prepared supper in much confusion of spirit. Jeremy was really behaving very funnily. After all that talk, too.

On the following Wednesday she received a letter in Mr. Gracie's beautiful writing, inviting her to a Poetry Reading by no less a person than himself.

"Saturday evening at seven thirty," said Lucinda.

"What an hour!" said Jeremy. "But go by all means. I shall stay at home and put my feet up."

"Would you mind if I went?"

"My dear girl, it would be a charity to keep the young man out of this flat."

"I see," said Lucinda. She was, of course, a conscientious creature, and she hoped very much to improve her mind by listening to Mr. Gracie reading his own verse from the small platform of that hall devoted to an earnest pursuit of the arts.

She arrived early, wearing her best hat, nervously aware that nobody else was wearing a hat. Young men and women came in without any air of eager anticipation and began to talk in the most composed manner.

When the hall was about a quarter full Mr. Gracie arrived and took his place on the platform to a small spatter of applause. Presently he began to read, and really Lucinda enjoyed the rest very much even if she was unable either to close her eyes or kick her shoes off. Emphatically she did not go to sleep, but when Mr. Gracie had come to the end of selections from three slim volumes, there is no doubt about it she did feel a good deal refreshed. This enabled her to clap very heartily with every appearance of enjoyment.

Mr. Gracie bowed himself off the platform and came into the hall. He did not have insuperable difficulty in avoiding the congratulations of his audience, although one young woman asked him to autograph his latest collection of verse, and one young man asked him the time.

A little hastily he came down the centre of the hall and caught up with Lucinda at the door. "Not running away?"

"I must get back. Thank you *so* much. It was such a treat."

"Won't you come and have a cup of coffee with me? It's not late. Please do."

Lucinda decided that he had had a disappointing evening: the poor boy looked quite sad. "Very (*Continued on page 52*)

You must have SOUPS that NOURISH

made by

C&B

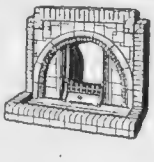
CROSSE & BLACKWELL

Design No. 3710 in the mottled tile series

The symbol of traditional good taste and good Staffordshire Craftsmanship

A GENUINE WOOLLISCROFT FIREPLACE

"Rothbury" Design in unglazed rustic tiles



"Alston" (Design No. 3774) in glazed rustic tiles

Woolliscroft fireplaces are designed and built by Staffordshire Craftsmen to traditional standards of good taste and fine workmanship, and sold by better-class retailers everywhere. Write for free portfolio of photographs showing the wide variety in glazed and unglazed rustic and mottled tiles.

there's a lifetime's pleasure in a

Genuine WOOLLISCROFT

GEORGE WOOLLISCROFT & SON LTD

Dept. B.E., HANLEY, STOKE-ON-TRENT

Maximum U.K. prices: 33/9 per bottle; 17/7 half bottle; 9/2 qtr. bottle; 3/7 miniatures.

well," she said, "but I mustn't be long."

But when she was sitting with him in the café, she came to the conclusion that she must have been mistaken for he quite cheered up and became almost jaunty.

"And how's the work?"

"The work? Oh, my job. All right, thank you."

"Not too soul-destroying?"

"Oh, no. I quite like historians. This one is a tremendous character."

"Do you mean that really? That you actually enjoy your job?"

"I certainly do."

Mr. Gracie looked disappointed. But presently he rallied and asked sympathetically: "I suppose you share none of your husband's enthusiasms?"

"Well, to tell you the honest truth," said Lucinda, "I'm not sure what they are."

"Oh, he's secretive, is he?"

"Not a bit. I really meant that Jeremy isn't a bit intense. We aren't like that."

"We?"

"Yes."

"But you are *so* unlike your husband."

"I don't think I am. It's terribly hard for outsiders to judge, don't you think?"

"An outsider," murmured Mr. Gracie, bitterly offended.

Lucinda, unaware of having been tactless, said softly: "We both *adore* prawning."

"The opportunity for exercising your mutual taste must be rather limited."

"Well, only on holidays, of course," said the literal Lucinda, "but we've got heaps of other interests in common, like not listening to the radio, and never having collected foreign stamps, and being frightful sailors."

"I wonder why," said Mr. Gracie ruminatively, "I'm in love with you."

Lucinda decided that it was time to go home. She was a good deal put out by Mr. Gracie's determination to escort her. They travelled by bus in a crowd unconducive to the pursuit of romance. Lucinda was glad.

"And when," said Mr. Gracie as they walked towards the flat, "shall I see you again?"

"Well," said Lucinda, trying to be kind but only succeeding in being untruthful, "I'm afraid we're booked up for most weekends in the near future. We shall hope to see you later on, perhaps."

"We're very cautious, aren't we?" sighed Mr. Gracie. Lucinda could have smacked him."

"Well, goodbye," she said.

"I'll just see you to your door," said Mr. Gracie.

"You'll miss your bus," said Lucinda. She took out her key and skipped up the steps and into the brightly lighted hall. Together they shot up in the lift, together they emerged, but Lucinda, having the longer legs, reached the flat and opened the door.

"Well, goodbye," she said again "and thank you so much."

But Mr. Gracie ignoring her hand, pressed into the passage, swept off his hat and enveloped her in the several folds of his outsize overcoat.

"Darling!" he murmured. "Sh! Don't make a noise."

"Don't be so idiotic!" said Lucinda crossly. "Let go *at once*."

The Green-Eyed Monster

"You're wonderful," declared Mr. Gracie, making strenuous efforts to clasp the exasperated Lucinda more warmly, "you are quite, quite wonderful. . . ."

"Don't care if I am," expostulated Lucinda, "actually I'm not but it doesn't matter. *WILL* you let go."

"He will," said Jeremy, coming a little suddenly out of the sitting-room, "with the necessary assistance." And he smote Mr. Gracie fair and square upon the nose, and again on the jaw, and, turning him about, heaved him off the premises with a very emphatic kick.

After which he closed the front door, put up the chain and glanced at Lucinda with a raised eyebrow.

"After what you *said*," she reminded him.

"Disgraceful, isn't it?" said Jeremy. He removed her hat, and sat down with her in the large armchair. "Just like my late father. Proud and possessive. Well, well. You win. I eat m'own words."

"No you don't," said Lucinda, with her head on his shoulder. "You were perfectly right. You lived up to your principles beautifully."

"How d'you make that out?"

"You told me you'd always think of me first and that you'd always ask yourself what I wanted and that if it was humanly possible you'd see that I got it.'"

"And what do you want?"

"Only you," said Lucinda.

END

Books (*Continued from page* 34)

MARGARET TUDOR, Queen of Scotland, is a good sitter for biography. Wedded at fourteen to King James IV, widowed at Flodden, she re-married, was divorced, married again, and became the focus of state intrigue. Michael Glenn presents her vividly in **"King Harry's Sister"** (Long, 16s.), but has strange quirks of style. Writing of the King's "gentle, experienced, almost stylized love-making," he says: "On her marriage night she had anticipated rape, and had found restraint." Hard luck. And of her second husband, the Earl of Angus: "She would hear the debonair tread and run to meet him. . . ." I've paced my work-den without discovering what makes a tread debonair, but it hasn't seriously spoilt my enjoyment of the book.

ALL one wants to know of background history to the Coronation ceremony, its Regalia and Abbey setting is in a revised, extended reprint of Lewis Broad's **"Queens, Crowns And Coronations"** (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), originally published for George VI's Coronation and packed with fascinating lore.

GUTHRIE WILSON is a New Zealand novelist with a strong, urgent gift for character and situation. **"Julien Ware"** (Hale, 10s. 6d.) might not have won our sympathy, but he does. Son of a rabbiter on the barren lands of the Torrens, he has two dominating ambitions: to buy the lands and make them flourish, to marry the superior daughter of his father's employer. He gets both, but is not happy, for he wanted Stella only as a "show-piece" and shatters her growing love for him in a jealous showdown. The war cuts across his love for another girl; the Italian campaign ends a life essentially frustrated, unfulfilled. But it *is* a life—real, vital, graphed with sure skill, virile writing.

COMMUNISM is an element of conflict in three novels this month. In F. L. Green's **"Ambush For The Hunter"** (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.) it brings Eva Droumek from Czechoslovakia as a bogus "refugee" to ferret out the technical secrets of an English chemist. She stays with a corrupt Ministry official, a "fellow-traveller," and though her operations seem doomed from the start they make a pretty web of intrigue which Mr. Green spins with psychological deftness.

IN Ernest Raymond's **"The Chalice And The Sword"** (Cassell, 15s.) the local Commies are the enemies of a saintly High Church priest in a semi-slum district identifiable as Notting Dale. He is also attacked and vilified by a brothel-keeper who fears him and a neighbouring clergyman envious of the influence he exerts. Mr. Raymond's patient method draws life from this corner of London, and characters who are types, but more. A former cleric himself he knows his Father Dawbeny.

A HUNGARIAN peasant who works secretly for Communism in Budapest, then becomes a Communist minister, is the chief character in Hans Habe's **"Black Earth"** (Harrap, 12s. 6d.). The serfs get their land, only to be dupes of a new tyranny. Disillusioned, their champion heads a protest march which ends in butchery. Bela Sulok —and Communism—have come full-circle.

A MOTHER and daughter, both in Hell and rivals for the Devil's love . . . a rather gay Devil, too, who philosophizes about sex and lives in a super-hotel in which daughter Jacintha's room number is 29,000. Well, Kathleen Winsor seems to have swapped *Forever Amber* for Forever Hades in **"The Lovers"** (Macdonald, 13s. 6d.). A second story in this trio concerns a sleek redhead who leaves a gentle husband for a wild lover (which will only get her, too, into Hell); the third is about a girl whom her lover sees as a panther (also Hellish in its way). Miss Winsor obviously enjoys all this symbolism, but—Hell!—it leaves us fair be-Devilled.

WALTER O'MEARA'S **"The Grand Portage"** (Redman, 12s. 6d.) is a sturdy 1800 yarn of Lake Superior fur-traders and a Puritan hero's initiation into love—Indian, white and half-white.

IN **"H.M.S. Marlborough Will Enter Harbour"** (Cassell, 12s. 6d.) Nicholas Monsarrat of *The Cruel Sea* tells the story of a torpedoed sloop limping home to port as only he can: a minor epic of courage, with James Holland's dramatic drawings.

OTHER books recommended for reading include:

"Dickens The Dramatist," by F. Dubrez Fawcett (W H. Allen, 21s.). The story of Dickens and Dickensian plays from 1836 to this television era. **"Late And Early Joys,"** by Paul Sheridan (Boardman, 15s.). Story of the Players' Theatre, London's Victorian music hall. **"Portrait Of Tangier,"** by Rom Landau (Robert Hale, 21s.). An authoritative, well illustrated book on Morocco. **"Venice The Lion And The Peacock,"** by Laurence Scarfe (Robert Hale, 25s.). An illustrated scrapbook of Venice. **"In The Steps Of Mary, Queen Of Scots,"** by Marjorie Bowen (Rich & Cowan, 15s.). Illustrated, chronological biography. **"Matty,"** by A. E. Matthews (Hutchinson, 16s.). Autobiography with forward by Noël Coward. **"Grandma Moses,"** (André Deutsch, 21s.). Autobiography of an artist who painted her first picture at seventy-eight. With sixteen reproductions of her work in colour. **"Song Of Songs,"** by Arthur Wragg (Selwyn & Blount, 15s.). The Song of Solomon from the Old Testament, dedicated "for lovers" and illustrated by the author.

FICTION

"Mrs. Dale At Home," by Jonquil Antony (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); **"This Was Tomorrow,"** by Elswyth Thane (Robert Hale, 12s. 6d.); **"Madame Clair,"** by Susan Ertz (Benn, 6s.); **"The Man Who Knew The Date,"** by Sophie Kerr (W. H. Allen, 11s.); **"Cream And Cider,"** by Henry Gibbs (Jarrolds, 10s. 6d.); **"The Sealed Knot,"** by Jane Lane (Robert Hale, 10s. 6d.); **"The Hidden Hand,"** by Eden Phillpotts (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.); **"Coveted Country,"** by Linden Grierson (Robert Hale, 9s. 6d.).

MISCELLANEOUS

"Wayfaring Stranger," by Burl Ives (Boardman, 15s.); **"Far Have I Travelled,"** by Dorothy Wellesley (James Barrie, 16s.) **"The Crown Princess,"** by Brigid Brophy (Collins, 10s. 6d.); **"The Shores Of Light,"** by Edmund Wilson (W. H. Allen, 25s.); **"Savoy Cocktail Book"** (Constable, 15s.); **"Iceland Bastion Of The North,"** by Agnes Rothery (Andrew Melrose, 15s.); **"Handbook Of English Medieval Costume,"** by C. Willett and Phillis Cunnington (Faber, 30s.); **"British And American Tapestries,"** by Mary Eirwen Jones (Tower Bridge, 25s.).

END

Women At Work

(*Continued from page 29*)

both. And even at that, the Albert Hall is filled to capacity

It is not only a big meeting, but a very important one. Of the thousands of resolutions which have poured in from Institutes all over the country, 170 have been previously selected for discussion. Before the two-day meeting is over, these will have been whittled down to eight. On these eight, action will be taken by the Institute as a whole. And by "action" I mean letters to government authorities, the circulation of material to all other rural and related organizations.

The National Union of Townswomen's Guilds is a younger organization than the Institutes, as it is only twenty-two years old. It is organized along much the same lines as the Institutes, with certain significant differences. Up until now its primary concern has been with education, i.e. to teach women more about their local and national government, to increase their enjoyment and interest in the arts, in fact to encourage people to think. The individual Guilds plan their own programmes and can discuss any question no matter how controversial, provided they give *both* sides of the question. For example, last year in London the National Social Studies Conference launched a three-year plan of study, under the general heading: *Woman In A Changing World*. The subject is being dealt with in three parts: "Woman In History," "Woman At Work," and "The Woman Citizen." This, you must admit, covers the subject pretty thoroughly.

Most important of all, however, are three resolutions which will come up for discussion at the next Annual Council Meeting of the Guild. All three are concerned with broadening the activities of the organization, but the most significant is the one which demands that the executive committee of the Guild is given mandatory power to approach government departments and other public bodies on issues which have been passed as resolutions by the National Council.

If these changes in organization are made (and it seems very likely they will) the Townswomen's Guild will possess the same powers as the Women's Institute. It will reflect a most significant change in Guild policy, which in turn is a reflection of its members' growing awareness that education without action is not quite enough.

LAST but by no means least of the three organizations I want to mention is the Standing Joint Committee of Working Women's Organizations. It was formed in 1916 for discussion and action on questions concerning the work and welfare of women and children. It has recently changed its name to the National Joint Committee of Working Women's Organizations.

During the thirty-six years of its existence it has concerned itself with every possible question regarding the welfare of women and children, as well as making its influence felt in many broader national issues. It is at the moment particularly concerned with the question of mental deficiency laws and their effect upon the education of below-normal children. Here, too, the members are feeling the need constantly to broaden their activities. At the last annual meeting, because of the widespread desire for peace which existed among women everywhere, there was a strong feeling expressed by the membership that the Soviet Union should be asked to reconsider the Indian proposals on Korea.

This, then, is a general and unfortunately very limited survey of the function and effectiveness of some of our most important women's organizations. That they are playing an increasing decisive rôle in the affairs of the nation is unquestionably true, and it looks as though the future will find them even more active. It is also very clear that none of these organizations can be described as exclusively feminist in interest, indeed, the trend is towards a constant broadening of activities to include many of the problems which bedevil humanity as a whole.

This should be reassuring to those few people who still argue that woman's place is most properly in the home. The self-conscious aggressiveness of the suffragette is a thing of the past. In realizing our rôle as women, we are becoming more conscious of our responsibilities as human beings. There is very little danger that the rather deplorable phrase "it's a man's world," will ever be translated into the equally unfortunate "it's a woman's world." To my way of thinking, the increased activities of women in the affairs of the nation are a positive and reassuring indication that we are really on our way to make it a better world for both sexes. Everybody's world, in fact.

END

A Jacket For Spring

(*Continued from page 42*)

THE LOWER PART OF BACK.—Pick up 130 sts. along lower edge of waistband and work in main for 18 rows and stripes as before until there are 3 light stripes. Work 10 more rows main.

Cast off.

Pick up 70 sts. for one front, and cast on 10 sts. for flap.

Work stripes as back and at same time k. 2 tog. at flap edge on every 4th row.

COLLAR.—With main, cast on 24 sts. Work 13 ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP.—Sew collar into long strip and turn right side out and finish ends very neatly as they are to show in front.

Hem fronts and sew buttonholes. Hem sleeves, sew seams and sew in sleeves.

Sew side and shoulder seams.

Hem lower edge including shaped fronts.

Sew on collar, leaving little gap at front.

END

There's a lovely face waiting for you!

"IF ONLY I HAD KNOWN..." so many women exclaim after their first Elizabeth Arden treatment, for there's nothing so transforming! And it's a morale builder too!

How blissful to lie back and relax while someone with the hands of an angel coaxes tension and tiredness away. What a joy to feel your blood tingling to bring back freshness and colour instead of that grey, winter-weary look.

If contours have slackened or those first tell-tale lines appeared, experienced fingers will pat and mould in the remarkable Firmo-Lift Treatment to give the firm smooth look of youth.

And particularly your eyes respond to these individually planned treatments. Haven't you noticed, as you add birthdays, that your eyes seem to get smaller? It is really the relaxing of the muscles around the eyes, and Elizabeth Arden's gentle, skilful treatment restores that lost big-eyed look.

Such an hour of complete relaxation, of understanding personal treatment, lifts your spirits, helps you to turn a lovely, smiling face upon the world.

Miss Arden sends trained assistants to give her famous treatments and lessons in Home Treatment, to towns throughout the country. Please write for the address of your nearest Elizabeth Arden centre.

Elizabeth Arden

NEW YORK 25 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W.1 PARIS

Trust DOROTHY GRAY to lead the way in better beauty care

3 EXCLUSIVE HORMONE PREPARATIONS TO KEEP SKIN NATURALLY YOUTHFUL

Remoldine

Never before has there been so much in one beautifier to help you to look younger and lovelier! This sensational new lotion is a blend of astringents, hormones and rich emollients. It works 24 hours a day to firm sagging contours and smooth away crepy necklines and nose-to-mouth lines. Wear it under your make-up all day. Use it after cleansing at night.

Cellogen Hormone Cream

Dorothy Gray's well known rejuvenating cream for the mature woman. Helps to supplement estrogenic hormones which tend to decrease with the years. Cellogen is extremely rich in natural hormones (10,000 international units per oz.). When hormone deficiency causes skin to show signs of age, Cellogen will help to counteract these signs.

Cellogen Hand Cream with Hormones

A new, extra-soothing hand cream containing hormones. Specially created for the skin of the hands to give it the same loving care that Cellogen gives your face. Use it regularly every time you wash your hands and after taking a bath.

Dorothy Gray

From your best local Perfumery Departments and Cosmetic Counters

Individual make-up and salon treatments at:—
32 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.
And in Paris and New York.

Down With Cod

(*Continued from page* 48)

Have you ever seen, in grocers' shops of the Continental type, the leathery looking dried cod? It usually hangs on a rod, and strongly resembles haddock which has been smoked and kept too long. But once you have soaked it overnight it looks very different. Do be enterprising and try it for the delicious bacalao, so rightly popular in Spain and Portugal. Buy half a pound, soak it, then shred it finely. Slice half a pound of onions and place a layer in a casserole. Add a small crushed clove of garlic if you like it. Now a layer of shredded fish, another layer of onions, and lastly the rest of the codfish. Sieve half a pound of tomatoes, chop one small green pepper and mix with the tomatoes, season with salt, and put this sauce on top of the fish and onion mixture. Pour two tablespoons of olive oil over all and bake in a slow oven for twenty to twenty-five minutes. This makes three portions. You can serve with sauté potatoes or with a green salad. It goes well with either.

LET me finish with a pleasantly simple and homely dish of stuffed (no, not cod!) herrings. Allow two small herrings per person. Remove the heads and backbones and spread each fish out flat as if it were an incipient kipper. Grease a fireproof dish, put one fish per person flat at the bottom, skin side down. Make a stuffing of bread crumbs, minced onion, chopped parsley, season with salt and pepper, and mix to a thick paste with lemon juice or milk, according to taste. Spread a layer on each fish, top with another boned herring to make a sandwich. Dot a few dabs of margarine on each and cover the dish with greased paper. Cook in a moderate oven for twenty minutes and serve, pouring any liquid from the fish over as a sauce. If you like, you can bake tomatoes in the same dish to serve with the stuffed herrings.

Now, do you still want boiled cod and parsley sauce? Ah well. *Chacun à son goût!*

END

I'll Show You Gentians

(*Continued from page* 30)

THE wooden room, with its trestle table and forms, clean as a refectory, its crucifix in a corner and its crude pictures roughly framed in silver birch, seemed to underline the invitation already given. I went inside and waited, taking out my map and spreading it on the table before me. The silence was wounded by the loud crack of the whips outside, healed and then wounded again. And then I was aware of Otto standing beside me. "This," I said, indicating the place on the map, "is where we are. And this," I continued, tracing with the tip of my finger the dotted line that led down from the brown mountains to the green valley, "is where you go to school in the winter." His mother came in and set a cup of frothy milk on the table, close against a bunch of *alpenrosen*, whose pink flowers, as the mountain folk's custom is, were bound with a chaplet of juniper twigs. "Where did these come from?" I asked. "Otto picked them, on the *Sebensee Alm*," she replied. "So far away?" I said. She laughed. "He goes everywhere, he knows the place almost as well as his father," she said.

"Otto," I said, "do you know where I can find some gentians?" He nodded his head, said nothing. The camera in the pocket of my rucksack had caught his eye. I remembered I must change the film; and while I did so, he watched every detail, asking what was this, what was that. Between us, the operation took some time; and then suddenly, he said, "Shall I show you the gentians?" "Where?" "Only half-an-hour."

Trust DOROTHY GRAY for the true basis of beauty

BEFORE you apply your make-up or special preparations, make sure your skin is in the best condition to receive them. Dorothy Gray's basic Beauty "Rule of Three" — Cleanse, Stimulate and Nourish — guarantees that basic beauty care. When these three steps have been followed, your special creams and hormone preparations will be of the greatest benefit and your Dorothy Gray make-up enhanced.

1ST STEP CLEANSE

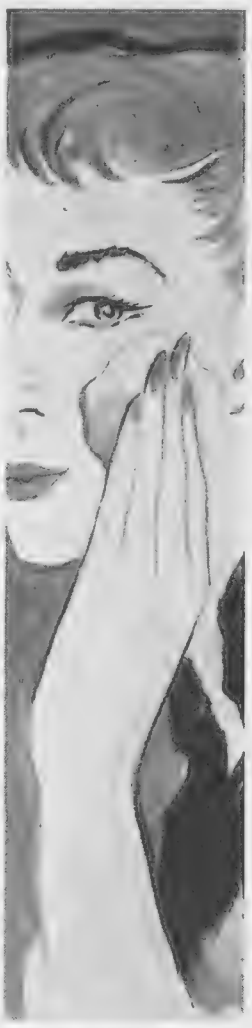
Cleanse with Salon Cold Cream for normal skin, Dry Skin Cleanser for dry skin, Liquefying Cleansing Cream for oily skin.

2ND STEP STIMULATE

Stimulate with Orange Flower Skin Lotion for normal or dry skin, Texture Lotion for oily skin.

3RD STEP NOURISH

Nourish with Special Dry Skin Mixture for normal or dry skin, Suppling Cream for oily skin.



Dorothy Gray

From your best local Perfumery Departments and Cosmetic Counters.
Individual make-up and salon treatments
LONDON · PARIS · NEW YORK

Write for helpful Beauty Booklet to:—
Dept. H.2., 32 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

I'll Show You Gentians

No mountain guide, wise in the folly of amateur climbers, could have taken charge more authoritatively than Otto did, striding along in his thin shoes, his hands deep in the pockets of his ragged *lederhosen*. But this mood did not last long. Now he was a boy again, engrossed in whatever chanced by the way. A herd of goats turned their yellow-bead eyes at us and stared. "After them, Harry!" he urged; "after them!" A voice yodelled high up the side of the mountain: Otto froze in his steps and listened. "Do you know who that is?" I asked. He nodded, but did not say who. A lizard, scarcely more agile than himself, flicked over the sunny stones at his feet. Otto was after it; grabbed and missed it; fell, and instantly compensated himself with a dried root that lay nearby, like a thigh bone, which he now used for a stick.

EVERYTHING took his attention, the world was very much his oyster. For three-quarters of the year, I reflected, Otto lives down in the valley, learning his lessons in the village school beside the dominating church, with its insistent clangour of bells; but how often does his eye stray from the book before him and gaze through the window at the encircling mountains, all of him waiting for the snow to melt and the mare's tail waterfall to begin pounding down the rock-face, till the happy day shall come when, his whip-cracking companions beside him, he can help to drive the cows up to the *Alm*, and life, the life he really enjoys, will begin again? For there could be no doubt that it was up here, where the gemsen on the heights live their secret lives and the young eagles scream in their eyrie and the sound of snow-fed streams fills the silence, that the boy's senses quickened as flowers open to the sun.

The way became wilder now, mostly we trod through bog; and then, without a word to announce that at last he had brought me to journey's end, he darted aside, stooped to pick some gentians, and proudly presented me with them. They were scattered all over the sloping ground—trumpets fanfaring the sun. "Pick them with long stalks," I said, knowing a boy's way with flowers. But presently I saw that I need not have worried. He hoisted a nosegay for me to see, his clenched fist sprouting gentians, blue as innocence and black as the treachery that lies in wait for it.

More than the soldanella of the snows, more even than the coveted edelweiss, the gentian is the flower of the mountains, whether it be, like these, the dark-hearted *acaulis*, or the small, bright stars of the *verna*, which folk call *schusternaegl*, shoesmith's nails, as if some ghostly steed of the gods, passing in the dawn, had left its bright, magical print all over the mountainside. Just for the joy of watching, I let Otto do the picking, leaping from one tussock to another and bringing them to me by the handful. The moments had no time now, only colour and delight. I fumbled in the rucksack for a bag to put the flowers in, and out fell a sandwich. His pleasure, when I gave it to him, was more obvious than words. He opened it, examined the contents, shut it again, and at once tucked it in the front of his leather breeches. "And shall I show you the *alpenrosen?*" he asked, eagerly, seriously. "No," I said, not so much answering him as talking to myself; "I have all I want."

We went back the way we had come. If I was silent it was because I was happy. The two boys, their whips still at last, were stretched on the grass before the *Senner's* house. Without a word to me, only turning back once to smile, Otto hurried through the open door and was immediately lost in the shadow of the interior, the faithful Harry beside him. As I passed the little white-washed chapel, I dropped a gentian among the tumbled flowers on the floor.

END

End Of The Lean Years

(*Continued from page 9*)

MEANTIME, while rationing persists, the Ministry of Food will have its job to do. Controlling supply, distribution, consumption and retail prices of food, it enters at every meal-time into every citizen's life; and it is odd to reflect that, to the junior teenager, its 1,200 local offices dotted up and down the country to issue ration-books, welfare foods and nutritional advice are part of the permanent picture of Britain's High Streets today.

Rationing, now so much a part of our peacetime existence, was until and even after 1914 unknown except as a local wartime measure. Food had been rationed in Paris during the Franco-Prussian War and at the siege of Ladysmith in the Boer War, but the controlling of a whole nation's eating had never been contemplated or thought necessary

It was Germany who adopted it first in the first World War. Britain followed by appointing a Food Controller in 1916, but it was not until the summer of 1918 that these islands had complete rationing of sugar, meat and fats.

When war loomed again, British planners were determined not to be caught unprepared as their predecessors had been in 1914. So it was that the present Food Ministry, first framed in 1936, was established and ready to operate just after the outbreak of the second World War. Its chief stock-in-trade were detailed schemes for controlling all vital foodstuffs, and 45 million ration-books stored in dumps throughout the country.

And early in 1940, when meat, sugar and fats were rationed, Britons faced the first of the long run of lean years.

Those war years were certainly lean—though with a leanness tolerable because well-planned. Every basic (*Continued on page 56*)

You needn't feel straight-laced to be re-formed

Warner-Wonderful Sta-Up-Top

Always stays up! Never rolls over! Cannot be copied!

The Sta-Up-Top Girdle

Ah! Lightest yet! A two-inch Sta-Up-Top on an all-elastic girdle. Power-net sides: front and back panels of satin elastic: White. pink and black £5.5.0. Warner's new stitched-cotton bra in a full range of cup fittings from 29/3.

When you wear a Warner's Sta-Up-Top girdle you're light-as-air about the waist . . . . . inches disappear. The magic's in the band . . . a two or three-inch (please yourself) span of firm but easygoing elastic that actually b-r-e-a-t-h-e-s with you! Inside are tiny, supple bones, so gentle you don't feel them. Warner's more-than-clever ruse to play hide-and-sleek with your waistline.

Only Warner's have the Sta-Up-Top, and only Warner's Sta-Up-Top has the unfailing fit. YOU can wear it: there's one made especially for you. Ask to be fitted at your favourite Better Store.

If your store just doesn't happen to have YOUR Sta-Up-Top girdle at the time write to: Warner Bros. (Corsets) Ltd., 40/41 Conduit St., London, W.1. and we'll make sure you have it.

FOR THE YOUNG — NET-TEX . . .

Net-Tex is Warner's own elastic-and-nylon fabric made especially in young girdles, panties and corselettes. Air-light, yet strong and firm-controlling. It's wonderful for youngsters always on the move. Ask about the series in peach, white, blue, black—From 25/6 to 39/11.

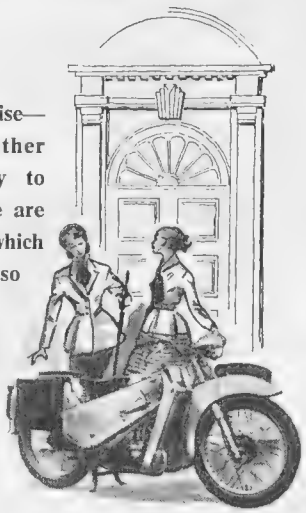
WARNER'S LE GANT

BRAS · GIRDLES
PANTIE GIRDLES · CORSELETTES

LONDON · PARIS · NEW YORK

American Design — British Make

Quiet Elegance...



No fuss—no noise—excellent weather protection—easy to manage — these are the features which make the L.E. so popular today. Have a good look and listen (if you can hear it) to the next one that passes —you'll agree.

Write for list BE giving full details.

Top. Starting is light and easy with hand lever.

Lower. Capacious pannier bags are standard equipment.

THE SILENT

Velocette

MODEL **L.E.**

VELOCE LTD., YORK ROAD, BIRMINGHAM, 28

FROM
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE
to you

". . . do not let this sacred work languish and die"

Appealing for this Hospital in "The Times" of November, 1901, Florence Nightingale, after her retirement, wrote "I ask and pray my friends . . . not to let this sacred work languish and die for want of a little more money."

Please give to our Appeal

The cause is magnificent — beds for educated women of limited means who cherish privacy. Additional subscriptions and donations of £10,000 per annum are urgently needed, for this Hospital is neither controlled nor supported by the State. Please send a gift . . . remember us in your will . . . do not let "this sacred work die for want of a little more money."

Florence Nightingale
HOSPITAL

19 Lisson Grove, London, N.W.1.
PADdington 6412.

foodstuff (except fresh fruit, vegetables, poultry and game) was controlled; and from 1942 to 1944 food imports were cut to half the prewar amounts, which meant six million tons less animal feed, two million less fruit and a million less sugar (though of course home production was stepped up in compensation).

Germany, with a machine more highly geared for war, was even quicker off the mark. Rationing started there five days before Poland was invaded, and Germans found their bread rationed straight away. They had, too, to give up coupons in restaurants, whereas luckier Britons, with bread remaining unrationed throughout the war, took twelve million off-the-ration meals daily in canteens and other public eating places.

Those Britons who found wartime eating dull can at least note that the British rationing scheme was more flexible and allowed more freedom of choice than Germany's. The British, for instance, could take nearly fifty per cent of their calories outside the ration, but over ninety per cent of the total calories consumed by Germans and other people of occupied Europe were rationed.

IN other words, almost half the nourishing food available to Britishers was unrationed compared with less than a tenth for Germans and other Europeans.

The war over, it was decided in November, 1945, to make the Ministry of Food a permanent Department of State, and this decision was embodied in an Act, in 1946. This could mean that some form

End Of The Lean Years

of food control will always be with us.

This might, in certain circumstances, be a good thing. It would certainly have been a good thing, for example, if some Government department had existed just over a century ago to counter the troubles of the Hungry Forties. But even if such disasters as famines are unlikely to beset Britain nowadays, some economists argue that rationing has a permanent place in peacetime.

COMBINED with price control it could help, they say, to prevent inflation where a policy of full employment exists. Again, advocates of the Welfare State maintain that it would ensure fair shares according to need and prevent undue quantities of necessary foods going only to the better-off.

But there is an objection to peacetime rationing: that by its subsidies, controls and quotas it stops the free play of supply and demand and masks the real preferences of the consumer. Who is to say that the man in the street, relieved of being taxed to subsidize a rationed necessity, would not willingly spend his extra cash on an occasional luxury?

Be all that as it may, rationing and subsidies are with us still—nearly eight years after the war's end—chiefly because the world's food stocks and Britain's dollar supplies make them necessary. But though we may still be in the lean years, there are signs in the current de-controls that the leanness may now be beginning to fill out.

END

Window-box Gaiety

(*Continued from page 17*)

If a good potful of *well-rotted* manure or bone-meal can be incorporated, so much the better. Horticultural peat can be substituted for the leaf mould. I find an occasional dressing on the surface with well broken down peat is very helpful in preventing loss of moisture by surface evaporation. Pack the box firmly with the compost, making sure it is even and the corners are filled. Leave the soil a week or two to settle, keeping it moist if necessary and it is ready to plant.

The only "cultivation" necessary will be frequent stirring of the surface between plants, taking care not to disturb the roots, perhaps an occasional dose of artificial and watering. The right amount of water can only be learned by experience and must vary with the situation of the window box, the weather and the plants being grown.

IN summer a box that receives no rain will probably need watering every morning and will be all the better for a spray in the late afternoon. Any limpness of the leaves is likely to be a sign water is needed. Care must be taken to see the earth does not cake on the surface so that the water does not penetrate to the roots, but runs off to one side and then down inside the box. Dryness usually shows by the earth coming away from the side and leaving a little gap. When a box has dried out, it is hard to get the soil thoroughly moist all through again.

Many people maintain that the whole contents of the box should be changed every year. But I have had satisfactory results even in a town using the same soil for two and even three years, adding leafmould or well-composted manure and dressing thoroughly with lime to combat the acidity.

Window boxes can be kept going with plants raised from seed or seedlings raised in boxes. But for a continuous show of colour the easy way is to buy well-grown plants nearing the flowering stage. In this way colour can be kept in the window box from early spring to late autumn, and even in the winter if plants like veronica are used. Pot grown plants are generally better shaped and rooted and suffer less in transplanting if care is taken —better have a broken pot than a broken root. They are more expensive, of course, but the budget can be evened out by sowing seeds between them.

The choice of flowers is almost limitless and depends on your taste, the season, the situation of the box—and your pocket. Tall plants are to be avoided in most situations—a window box is liable to get all the wind that is going. Some plants do not thrive well in cities or shallow soil, however carefully they are nursed. Some, like the cineraria, give a brilliant but comparatively short display and thus work out rather expensive.

BUT there remains a tremendous choice of colours, sizes and varieties. In the spring, flowers from bulbs can be mixed with the ever popular wallflowers, forget-me-nots and polyanthus. In contrast to bedding in gardens, these spring flowers are probably better planted in window boxes in early spring than in autumn.

For the summer display the favourite is probably the geranium which has such a long flowering period and stands up so well to city air. But the fuchsia, in almost endless beautiful variations, is not the "exotic" it is so often considered and in suitable soil will produce a succession of blooms over a long period.

Antirrhinums, the various kinds of marigold, begonias and dahlias are other favourites that will do well in towns. Take due notice of the growth a plant is likely to make and leave it space. Pick off dead blooms immediately and the flowering period will be greatly prolonged. The window gardener, with perhaps only a dozen plants to manage, here has the advantage. By picking off every bloom as it fades on antirrhinums, for instance, the flowering can be prolonged from July to October.

Colour must be a matter of taste, but generally the box will be seen from some distance and therefore the brighter colours are to be preferred to the deep reds.

One last point. Make sure that the box is secured absolutely safely and never carry out operations so that a pot or a tool might fall in the street.

END

The Women Who Go To Jail

(*Continued from page 12*)

stabbing and shooting, carrying out armed robberies. "Only yesterday" it would have meant scare headlines.

Then there are the women forgers and embezzlers, quite new and lucrative lines for their sex. Among the forgers have been daughters of well-to-do families and divorcees who found their alimony inadequate to meet their extravagant tastes. Others to fall by the wayside have been business women and trusted companions. Bad cheques are as likely to be drawn by female hands, as male.

The lack of respect for honest money in the postwar era has communicated itself to women in no uncertain fashion. In America, they say it has something to do with the elevation of women from their former second-class citizenship. Maybe so over there; but that elevation set in in the United Kingdom all of thirty years ago—after the great female emancipation effected by the first World War—whereas the opening of jails more widely to women is a happening of the quite recent past.

Rather is one driven to the conclusion that the spread of so-called "she-crime" is more attributable to the greater slipping and sundering of home ties and domestic bonds, and to the wide contempt for moral and ethical laws which is characteristic of this age.

Today too many women want much more of what money can buy. They want clothes and expensive entertainment. In the United States, it seems that the most popular subject of conversation between women *à deux* and *à trois* turns on easy ways of getting money. This does not refer to all social strata, naturally, but to sufficient women to warrant the point being made.

WOMEN jailbirds have doubled since 1939, but it is when we come to specific towns that the position crystallizes. Thirteen per cent of "top serious" crime in the capital, Washington, is being committed by women. In neighbouring Philadelphia it used to be a case of one woman prisoner to ten males. That was in 1939. Now the ratio is one woman to four males. In the country as a whole, male crime was up four per cent in 1951. In the same period "she-crime" rose by eleven per cent. Women used to be responsible for three per cent of all crime. Today the figure is eight per cent—and still rising.

Many of the arrested are veritable hell-cats—partly through having been so spoiled and deferred to. They kick, scratch, bite and swear at police officers, but what these dread most is being accused of trying to commit assaults on their virago charges.

A leading American authority, Matron Reilly, thinks that women have "lost their sphere." She says the main cause of increased female criminality is that women are not home-makers any longer, neither are they established breadwinners. There is little to be houseproud of today. Women are currently "off centre," neither one thing, nor the other.

The younger ones smoke in the street, drink in bars, wear slacks. It all has a hardening effect. Home becomes just a filling station. More and more homes are broken, unstable, motherless places that one just visits. Teenagers are being taken under the wing of women's clubs which seek to give them "a female sphere" and to resurrect charm as an attribute, but it is terribly stiff going.

As American women outnumber men and lose the chance of marriage in proportion (a new phenomenon this), the younger women grow tougher. They copy men more and more in the lists of crime, even to becoming sexual offenders for the first time.

YET I cannot help thinking that the conception of women's prisons has a deal to do with things. Nearly all America's worst cases are sent to a model prison in West Virginia. Here an extraordinary mixture of race and colour, social and personal characteristics, are mixed together. The general atmosphere is more that of the college campus. The "prisoners" live ten or twenty to a chalet, engage in such work as they choose, go in for entertainment in a big way, are at liberty to roam in a vast estate without bars. Many are paroled quite early on.

Does all the magnanimous treatment break down their anti-social hardness? There is no record of such being the case. In America they come up against the same hard fact that confronts us here: if you coddle the prisoner, you merely make more of his (and her) kind.

Here are a few headlines I collected whilst preparing this article:

Man robbed by women. Brass powder compact and knuckleduster as weapons.

Matron jailed for forgery.

Woman housebreaker gets two years.

Mother by night, thief by day. Hid her crimes from family for three years.

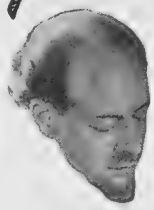
Four years for Razor Mary.

The last was the account of a tough baby on the Clyde who slashed a man in a queue for no other reason than that he was ahead of her.

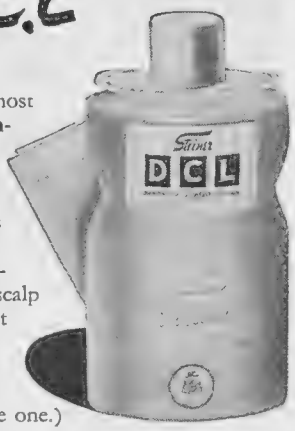
We have lately heard some remarkable inside tales of women's prisons in this country. They seem to be divided into dens of filth and—jokes. While it is only fair to say that the staff at Holloway deny the description and the vice revealed in the book of a released prisoner, all cannot be well in a prison where women are allowed to "make up" and to attend mannequin parades. Self-adornment in cell life may improve the morale; it no less certainly makes for an increase of viciousness.

Life in Aylesbury women's prison, as revealed by Lord Jowett, had the House of Lords in incredulous mood. The noble lords hesitated to believe that each woman could summon attendance by pressing a bell in her "room." The food, beds, library, were all spoken of as "lovely." The women inmates commiserated (*Continued on page 58*)

Call it magic'-but ask for Steiner D.C.L



CLEANSE: D.C.L. is the most revolutionary **Dandruff Control Lotion** ever—it works like a charm! Whirling surface-action makes embarrassing scruffy dandruff flakes repulsive to the scalp, and repellant to each other. Dandruff just disappears into thin air. See your scalp really come clean . . . that's the first important step for basic hair health. Fresh and free from clinging odours because **D.C.L. is a hair deodorant.** In Steiner scalp-touch plastic bottle 7/6 (the whole family should each have one.)



NOURISH *and set with non-greasy* ***Sebosyn:*** *6/- and 10/- a jar.*
GLAMOURISE *with* ***Starmist*** *Eight fashion shades: 5/9 and 12/6.*

All Steiner hair-beauty products are available from high-class stores, chemists and hairdressers.

Steiner

By Appointment Hairdressers and Perfumers

HAIR AND BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

66 Grosvenor St., London, W.1. Mayfair 5245/6/7

CLEANSE — NOURISH — GLAMOURISE IS THE STEINER RULE FOR HAIR HEALTH AND BEAUTY

'it's the special Lavenda way

of ***spinning*** for lovely texture
of ***dyeing*** for lasting colour
of ***twisting*** for longer life

that makes LAVENDA easily the best wool value in the world today'

made by Sisters of Bradford

only

INTELLIGENT

WOMEN

WILL TEST THIS

It's clear proof of your good sense, when you're ready to form *your* own *judgments* about new ideas, instead of letting bias and prejudice condemn them untried. Perhaps that's why Tampax users are so often women of intelligence, with *enterprising* minds.

You see, it's impossible to judge the advantages of Tampax, over out-dated kinds of sanitary protection, until you've given it a personal trial. Once a woman has tested this completely different, completely modern form of *internal* protection, she wouldn't dream of putting up with the inconveniences and embarrassments of ordinary methods.

A Personal Trial

Why not test, and prove for yourself, what millions of modern-minded women have discovered — that Tampax is daintier, safer, simpler, infinitely more comfortable and hygienic? See what a world of difference Tampax can make to those very next 'difficult days.' Just send 6d. in stamps, with your name and address, to The Nurse, Dep. 651, Tampax Limited, Belvue Road, Northolt, Middlesex. Your trial package will be sent discreetly, in plain cover, with full instructions.

No Nappie Rash

Wise mother uses Cuticura Ointment after baby's bath and at every nappie change to keep him cool and comfortable. The mildly medicated, gentle emollient, Cuticura, soothes chafing, sores, inflammation, and deals sweetly with nappie rash.

Cuticura ANTISEPTIC OINTMENT

with their sisters "outside" who had to stand in wintry queues. Even the Bucks countryside was delicious!

When taxed with the bell, a staff member said prisoners might fall ill in the night.

To which the answer is: when prisons were really prisons, not coddle shops, each cell had a little spy-hole through which a constantly circulating warder (or wardress) observed their charges. Presumably to go such a round is now considered too much effort.

Was it surprising that Lord Jowett could find no sign of contrition? This ex-Lord Chancellor has made up his mind that "it is a completely wrong outlook to think that the path of reformation is assisted by trying to provide all the material comforts you can."

Second only to this extraordinary English prison picture of 1953 is the leniency with which so many women offenders are treated in the courts. Judging by the way they are continuously subjected to small fines, or just bound over, for committing the most calculated shop thefts, and other forms of robbery, thieving might be considered quite a trivial offence in this country.

In other countries, it is not so. A girl of Lyons, for example, who had taken part in a murder for motives of theft at the age of twenty was sent to twenty years forced labour —and there is no reduction in France, just hard sweating at Rennes or Montpellier.

How much would that girl have got, had she been English and tried in England? We should have heard the usual rigmarole in mitigation. "Like so many of her kind, she seems to have only three interests—films, the wireless and boys. Her home life has not been a happy one and she came under bad influences at an early age. If sent to an approved school. . . ."

Maybe as murder was involved, she would be sent to the women's prison without bars for a year or two. You never know what kind of sentences young women will get—if any at all.

Two female bandits of the West Country, aged eighteen and nineteen years, conceived the idea of winning a comfortable livelihood by luring G.I.s down alleyways, belabouring them with cruel implements, and relieving them of their valuables. This went on for quite a while. Now one of the hardened little beasts is having as easy time, being reclaimed in a female form of Borstal. The other was set free.

END

The Women Who Go To Jail

Growing Up To Royalty (*Continued from page 20*)

of a harbour and a third of Britons responding to Drake's Drum. In these unpretentious surroundings, and under the charge of Nurse Lightbody, a down-to-earth Scotswoman, neither child was in danger of getting false ideas about its position.

This has not changed with the move to Buckingham Palace. Prince Charles and his sister now live in the second-floor nursery suite that is approached by long corridors. But the routine is unaltered. The Queen still insists that she must fulfil a three-fold function of Queen, wife and mother: each morning the children come tumbling into the sitting-room to see "Mummy" and "Papa" and stay with them until Nurse Lightbody comes for them just before nine thirty. At Clarence House it was never any surprise to meet Prince Charles as you entered the narrow hall. In Buckingham Palace life is not so informal, but the Queen often slips along to the nursery or into the gardens before lunch, and it requires a very pressing reason for her to miss the time she dedicates as sacred to her children—five thirty in the evenings.

AT four years, Prince Charles is a normal little boy for his age, rather more advanced than his flaxen-haired, blue-eyed sister. He has a large vocabulary of words and is on the fringe of those preliminaries to reading—letters and vowel-sounds. He is, in fact, no longer a baby but a small boy, and it will not be long before he gets down to lessons.

The Queen began her serious education at the age of seven, but it will probably be earlier when a private tutor for Prince Charles is introduced to Buckingham Palace. How long the tutor will stay cannot be guessed. The Queen and Princess Margaret did not go to school. It is not at all unlikely that Prince Charles and Princess Anne may not follow this example. Those close to the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh know that the Duke's own happy days, at school at Gordonstoun and then in the Navy, may have great influence on Prince Charles's future. The Queen knows how valuable it has been to have in Prince Philip a husband who has enjoyed the advantage of mixing with people outside the palace walls.

As for Princess Anne, the Duchess of Kent's daughter, the lovely Princess Alexandra has been at boarding school near Ascot. She has been tremendously happy and the Queen may seriously consider a similar education—with its opportunities of mixing with other girls and becoming part of a community.

But these matters will wait. In the meantime, who are the people who have played the greatest part in the royal children's training?

Apart from the Queen herself, the influence of Queen Mary has been paramount. It is not, these days, a direct influence: but it was Queen Mary who took personal care of the Queen and Princess Margaret at the times when they were known as the "Little Princesses."

Queen Mary has a deep knowledge and sense of the conventions of royalty. It was she who instilled training in the art of conversation and made the Princesses see the spiritual purpose of the monarchy. She, too, took them on rounds of sightseeing tours in London and drilled them in the intricacies of royal behaviour at public appearances.

The story is well known that as a little girl at a Royal Tournament Princess Elizabeth suddenly realized that there was a large crowd outside waiting to cheer the royal party. "How pleased they will be to see me!" she exclaimed to Queen Mary. Whereupon Queen Mary ordered her to be taken out by the back door and sent straight home.

The same firmness holds good with the present generation. Like their mother, Prince Charles and Princess Anne are not spoiled. They are never smacked, but it is not for nothing that the forthright Australians knew Nurse Lightbody, when she served the Duke of Gloucester, as "No-Nonsense Lightbody."

ABOVE all Queen Mary has always believed that for the very young, the finest education is that of example and the intangible benefit of home influence. She, too, always made a point of seeing her children at a set hour each day and the value of such moments has been poignantly expressed by the Duke of Windsor. "Her soft voice," he wrote, "the cultivated mind, the cosy room overflowing with personal treasures, were all inseparable ingredients of the happiness associated with this last hour of a child's day."

Seeing Edward Hallidays delightful conversation piece, "Clarence House, April, 1952," which portrays the Queen and Prince Charles beside her, and Princess Anne playing with bricks at her father's feet, no one can doubt that these same happy memories will be ingrained in the royal children.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, has played no little part in moulding the children. She it was who created the Queen's own happy home life and living, as she still does, at Buckingham Palace she sees a great deal of "Master Charles", and his sister. She is, perhaps, less strict in some respects than the Queen and Prince Philip—as many grandmothers are.

END

Finally, Prince Philip's influence as father has been as definite as those who know him would expect.

Of Prince Charles he has said : "I want him to be a man's man." He has given him a cricket bat and, naturally, hopes he will grow up to love the Navy as he does. Perversely, at the moment Prince Charles has inherited his mother's instinctive appreciation for the detail of military uniform. When the Queen took the salute at the Trooping the Colour, Prince Charles saw the whole parade and nothing would move him until it was over.

Prince Philip has a tremendously practical and inquiring mind. The same applies to his son who has taxed plenty of grown-ups at the Palace to answer his stream of questions. Add an equally inherited interest in mechanical matters, and you can be sure that Prince Philip will be able to assist in developing Prince Charles's interests in no small measure. The children will always have before them the example of a modern, handsome young father of strong views and democratic approach.

Indeed, this may contain much of the key to the destiny of Prince Charles and his sister. The Queen and Prince Philip are young and instil something of their own youth into the often-dusty corners of the monarchy. Above all, they have passed on their own happiness and their own natural dignity to their children.

NICHOLAS MORTIMER

END

Tomorrow At Noon

(*Continued from page 37*)

"I wasn't expecting you, Godfrey," she said, and Frank felt her cold fingers in his behind their backs.

"Should be a nice surprise for you. Devil of a place to find. Been driving all afternoon. Any food or drink on tap?"

"The café," she said, "is closed till spring."

"Too long to wait," he said, and laughed. It was a thin laugh, that stopped abruptly as if a tap had been turned off in his throat. "Going to ask me to sit down? Or do I stand and wait my turn?"

"Will you sit down, Godfrey? I'll find you something to eat."

"Who's the boy friend?"

She hesitated. "Mr. Linsey. Frank, I've told you about my—my husband. . . ."

"Quite a lot," Frank said, and she shot him a warning glance. Godfrey Starr could probably pick him up with one hand.

But he didn't move. Janet went into the kitchen. For a full minute Godfrey Starr gazed at the kitchen door, then turned to Frank.

"Women!" he said, and winked. "Seems she's got a nice little place here."

Frank filled his pipe without speaking.

"Must have cost her a lot of money. Wonder where she got it from, eh?" He winked again.

"It was derelict when she bought it two years ago."

Godfrey nodded. "You'll have helped?"

"In small ways, perhaps."

HE could feel an inward tightening. He knew the symptom. Soon, he would want to hit someone. To change the subject he asked conversationally : "You've come from London?"

"Started at lunch-time. Hired a car. Not worth buying one."

"So you're not staying in England long?"

"Few more days. Flying back. Seen all I want. No scope left in the Old Country. The hell with it! Staying just long enough for Janet to buy herself some clothes and pack 'em and get ready." Another wink. "How about buying the café?"

Frank could feel the sweat damp on his forehead. He picked up the heavy poker in the hearth, stirred the burning logs with it, feeling the weight and balance of it, killing Godfrey in his heart.

He put it down as Janet came back with a tray. She put the tea on the low table by Godfrey's chair. He nodded morose thanks and reached for a sandwich.

She drew a stool to the fireside. Only Frank remained standing. "How did you find me?" she asked.

"Always ways and means. Takes a lot to stick me fast. I've just been saying to—what d'you call him, Linsey?—you've three days to pack and then we're off."

"Where?" she asked. Frank, looking down at her, saw the rigidity of her shoulders, saw the tip of her tongue move over her lips.

"Singapore. Or near enough to be roughly described as such. Nice little place awaiting for you."

"You could have written and told me so," she said dryly.

"Written? I've written every month."

"You've. . . . But I've never had a letter!"

"No? Maybe suits you to say that. Your word against mine. Proof of posting not accepted as proof of delivery."

Janet smoothed her dress. As if desperate for words she said, "You're looking well, Godfrey."

"Looking well and feeling well. And I've done well. Wait till you see the place I've got waiting. Suit you. Suit the youngster too. England's done. Finished. How old is she?"

"Five. She was two when you deserted us. Don't you remember?"

"There's women for you! Women all over. No conscience, no damned gratitude. Can't see any farther than their own noses. Deserted, my God! Because a feller has to leave his family and strike out in pastures new, I ask you! No place for a woman while the ploughing and sowing's being done. Just in time for harvest. And that's what you get! Been counting the days to when I'd have you again. Grand place waiting. Only needs a (*Continued on page 60*)

COURT ROYAL
Beautifully Comfortable
THIS LIGHT step-in Girdle 1225 has been designed in Paris to wear under dresses and suits demanding a slender, youthful waist-line. Made of Triple Core Lastex Net with a front panel of Nylon Satin, it has short concealed removable boning at diaphragm. Price £5.15.6 for sizes up to 36" waist. The dainty uplift Brassiere made from Nylon Marquisette is No. 7518/1. Price 10/11d. If you have difficulty in obtaining either of these garments, please write for the name and address of your nearest stockist.
CHARLES BAYER
& COMPANY LIMITED, BATH
(Wholesale only)

Yours

BECAUSE YOU MADE IT

It's easy and well worth while. Requiring only Sirdar's easy-to-follow instruction leaflet, and Sirdar Double Knitting Wool 4-ply (the sturdiest of knitting wools); this lovely cable jacket is waiting for you to bring it to life. Warm, hard-wearing and wonderfully washable, it will give you for years to come the pleasure of being able to say, 'I made it myself.'

Sirdar
HAND KNITTING WOOLS

Knitting instructions for this cable jacket, in two sizes, Bust 34" and 42", can be obtained in leaflet number 1417 from most wool shops at 6d. or by post 7½d. from Dept. A., P.O. Box 31, Wakefield, Yorks.

HARRAP BROS. (SIRDAR WOOLS) LTD.

woman's tender touch. You, running a cheap snack-bar. What'd they say to that out there?"

He ate solidly. Frank took stock of him. Good suit, good shoes, expensive shirt.

Well turned-out. Obviously he wasn't bluffing when he said he had done well.

"Got the low-down on you both, back in the village." Godfrey poured himself a second cup of coffee. "They say you're feathering your nest. Playing the tourists for suckers. Selling 'em knick-nacks. Brassware and junk like that."

"Only pottery," Janet said. "And I make that myself."

"Ha! Still dabble in the old clay, eh? Cut out the middle-man, that's the idea." He grinned at Frank. "And you're a poet."

"I wouldn't call myself that. I was trained as a journalist. Now I farm ten acres and write in my spare time."

"Wouldn't have thought you were a farmer. Don't look like one," Godfrey said, and for the first time Frank detected a tone of dangerous belligerence in the man's voice.

He finished the last of the sandwiches and attacked the cakes Janet had brought. Then he got up, a little unsteadily, and stalked into the café. Janet followed, and Frank went as far as the door. He went behind the counter and picked up an earthenware posy-ring.

"Made this?"

Janet nodded.

He rummaged on the shelf among the pottery. Those she had made with her tongue in her cheek—gnomes and toadstools and cats and dogs and moorland ponies, uninspired Souvenirs of Dulverswych. And those others, flights of her creative fancy that sold less well.

ON the shelf beneath was an open book. He picked it up, glanced contemptuously at the title-sheet.

"So you don't write poetry!" he said to Frank. "What's this, then?"

"I said, I wouldn't call myself a poet. I've written novels and guide-books. Last week I wrote an article for the *Farmers' Journal* on the incidence of anthrax in west-country pigs." He tried to keep the sting out of his voice.

Godfrey leaned back against the counter. "Y'know," he jeered, "I can understand the way Janet gets on with you. She'd always a soft spot for weaklings."

He picked the book up again, gave it a second glance, skimmed it across the floor.

"Here am I, carrying the white man's burden, sweating and toiling to make a place for her, and this is the way she's been carrying on." His voice hardened. "You'd better get a valuer in tomorrow."

"Why should I do that?" Janet asked.

"To find out exactly what this tumbledown hovel's worth. Then put an ad. in the paper. A London paper. No use giving the place away."

"Godfrey," said Janet patiently, "let's understand one thing. This place is mine. Not yours—*mine*. Legally and morally. You can't come back after three years and tell me what to do with it."

"No?" He came towards her, treading softly like a cat. "So let's understand another thing. You're mine. Legally and morally. A wife lives with her husband. You're going to live with *me*. That's why you're going to sell out and come back where I belong. So now that's settled! So now we know what's what, we'll have a drink and celebrate."

"There's nothing here for you to drink," Janet said.

"There never was. Always too much of a prude to keep a bottle in the house. Where's the nearest?"

"In the village."

"Coming down?" He prodded Frank's shoulder. "Old pals together?"

"I don't drink much."

"So I leave you here with Janet? With my wife? All alone in the house? Bit late in the day for me to start chivvying, eh? Damage done. No use locking the stable-door, eh? Not a bit! Well, make the best of it, Shelley. After tonight it'll be the lawful spouse."

HE went to the door, turned there, scratching his chin. "That reminds me, where does the husband lay his head tonight?"

She looked away from Frank.

"You can have Lucy's room. I'll move her into mine."

"Welcome right on the mat!" Godfrey said, and went out. They heard the car door slam, the engine start, and through a chink in the curtains Frank saw a red light wink away towards the village.

* * *

He sat down heavily. For a moment he couldn't speak. Then, the words torn out of him, he said, "Why, Janet? How did you come to marry a man like that?"

"I was twenty-one," she told him. "And he was seven years younger than he is now and two stones lighter. I didn't realize you have to live with a man's mind and his habits. I didn't know, Frank."

"Twenty-one!" he said. "And you gave yourself, body and soul, to *that*! You'd only to say one thing, Janet. That you won't go. But you didn't say it. *Why didn't you?*"

He stared down at her, shook her shoulders, forced her to look at him. "Janet, you can't go back with him. You can't even let yourself think of it. You've been waiting three years for today. You mustn't go back on everything now."

"He always wins," she said slowly. "He always will. I thought he'd forgotten. Or didn't want me any more. I'd built up all my hopes on that. But he's come back, and whatever game he's playing and however he plays it, he'll go on winning."

"He walked out on you three years ago. . . ."

"So I've told you. But how do you know? You believe me because you love me, but who else would? You've seen him now, Frank—a cat playing with two mice. When he comes back you'll see him another way—drunk and abominable. But he's not always like that. He can seem to be sincere and convincing. You heard what he said about those letters. How can I prove he's lying?"

"But he didn't write. You know that."

"And you believe it because I've told you. But how can I prove it? Frank, three years ago he struck a bad patch. He went out East. He's worked day and night. . . . For Lucy and for me. He's done well. Now he's come home with enough money to take his wife and child back with him. And his wife's an ungrateful faithless creature who's openly associating with another man and planning to marry him."

"You're crazy!" Frank said. "Who'd believe that?"

"He's crazy! Crazy and cruel, but who'd believe it? What's going to happen to Lucy?"

"There's some way out," he said. "There's *one* way. . . ."

Janet shuddered. "You mustn't even think that. You *mustn't*. Not even for me. Darling, help me with Lucy before he comes back."

THEY climbed the stairs. Janet went into her own room and turned back the covers. Frank brought Lucy in—she didn't waken in his arms—then went back and looked around the room that was to be Godfrey Starr's.

"Janet, we could get away. Both of us, now. And take Lucy with us. Before he comes back."

"He'd follow me. We should have all this over again. And you couldn't stay with me. You have a farm to look after. No, Frank, this is where the battle has to be fought."

"Then let's go downstairs and decide how we're going to fight it."

She smiled faintly. "Very well. I'll make more coffee. I'm not beaten, Frank. But I've been beaten so often in the past that I just can't feel confident any more."

"We've half an hour," he said. "He can't be back earlier than that."

But it was three hours later when Godfrey came in. They heard the car. He stumbled into the room, an angry, dangerous man after an evening of hard drinking.

"Thought you'd have gone," he said to Frank.

"We didn't think you'd be as long as this." He smiled pleasantly. His mind was made up. He knew what he had to do and what price he was prepared to pay for Janet's freedom.

"I've heard plenty about the two of you tonight. Down in the village. Just had to keep my ears to the ground." He spoke thickly. "Got grounds for divorce ten times over. And you've nothing against me. Not a single dam' thing."

He glared at Frank. "Got that?"

"You're making it very plain," Frank said.

He turned to Janet, rocking slightly on his heels. "You've got your chance. All aboard, London Airport, Saturday 'leven ack-emma. Else I'll go for a divorce. And get it. *And* get the girl, sure as God made little apples. Then you can stop and rot with your poet and your pottery till the cows come home to roost."

"You'd better go to bed," Frank said.

He could lean over, pick up the poker in a split second. Or if Godfrey took his advice and went upstairs, he could follow him later. It wouldn't matter which way it happened.

"Go to bed!" Godfrey said. "While you're here! What d'you take me for?"

"You risked it for three years."

"Let me handle him," Janet said in a low voice. "I always could when he was like this."

SHE went over to him and spoke in a louder, patient voice. "Godfrey, go to bed. Frank's going home in a few minutes. We'll talk this over and decide what to do in the morning. We all have to be reasonable, haven't we?"

He glared back at her suspiciously. "If there's any funny business I'll tear him in two. I know what's been happening behind my back."

"Frank will be going home soon," she said again. "I'll take you upstairs and show you your room."

Frank watched them go. He didn't think it was Janet's influence so much as the punch of the rough west-country cider. Godfrey was probably glad to retire more or less gracefully.

When she came down, her face was drawn and haggard in the lamp-light.

"I know his ways," she said. "He's always dangerous. Tonight he's been a dangerous blusterer. Tomorrow morning he'll be cold and crafty. Frank, go to Dulverswych tomorrow. Be there as soon as the offices open. Prestons have always handled what legal business I've had. Tell them everything."

In the room above, they heard floorboards creak as Godfrey moved clumsily about. Then a louder creak as, presumably, he stretched himself on the bed, and for a minute there was silence.

Then, unnerving after the lull, they heard him again. His footsteps crossed to the door.

"What d'you take me for?" he roared down the staircase. "Think I want to sleep in a damned museum? Why didn't you move all this junk?"

There was a clatter, a crash, as if he had swept shelves and window-ledge clear. It was followed by a series of smaller crashes on the stairs.

"He's throwing them out of the room," Janet said with a wry smile. "No—don't interfere. That's what he wants you to do. He wants an excuse to kill you or hurt you. He's done things like this before.

"Soon after we were married, I'd brought all the things from home that I'd made when I was young. One night he threw them out of the window. I remember crying next morning as I swept them up."

One of the pieces crashed against the closed door at the foot of the stairs, as if it had been violently thrown. "I hope it wasn't the Priest," Janet said. "It took me so long to get that smile on his face."

And now, all was silent again.

She threw on another log.

"You mustn't stay any longer, Frank. This will be all round the village in the morning."

"I can't leave you alone in the house with him."

"There's Lucy. I don't think even Godfrey

MOTHER . . . IF YOUR CHILD HAS A COLD

Colds and constipation very often go together. So if your kiddie catches a cold, one of your first steps should be to make sure the little system is thoroughly cleansed. To do this, there is nothing better than 'California Syrup of Figs', the mild, safe laxative which wise mothers choose when dealing with a child's cold. This laxative which contains extracts of both senna and ripe figs is gentle but sure in action; besides, children love its pleasant taste.

'California Syrup of Figs' will soon cleanse the youngster's system, and back will come that eager appetite, which is more than half the battle when 'feeding a cold'.

Take the first step to treat that cold right away. Buy a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' (or you can ask for 'Califig' for short) . . . and be sure to look for these registered trade marks on the carton.

An all-the-year-round Gift!

Here is a lasting expression of friendship . . . to a friend or relative, for a birthday or anniversary . . . a subscription to BRITANNIA and EVE for every month of the year. A card will be sent with the first issue giving your name as donor—what could be simpler? Just write to The Publisher, enclosing your remittance—he does the rest!

Subscription rates for 12 months. Inland and Abroad: £1 7s. 0d. Canada: £1 5s. 6d.

The Publisher

Ingram House, 195-198 Strand

London, W.C.2

would start anything with the child here. I don't think I'll try to sleep, anyway. I may stay here by the fire."

"By ten o'clock I'll be at Prestons."

"Tell them everything. We're up against it, Frank. He holds most of the cards. He's probably lived with a dozen women while he's been away. Knowing him, I'd guess he has. And between you and me there's been nothing. But we can't prove that. Maybe he's right when he says he can divorce me."

"What does it matter how it comes, so long as it does come?"

"There's Lucy," she said.

And then she broke down for the first time that night. He moved over to the settee and drew her into his arms, drew her smooth head down to his shoulder.

There was always a way out. . . .

He smoothed her hair. The logs flickered, the clock moved slowly from eleven to half-past, to midnight. All was very quiet.

"I think he's out of bed. I think he's coming down," she whispered.

"Who cares?"

"Move away from me, Frank. Go out by the back door."

"And leave you?"

"But don't you understand, this is how he wants to find us? The staircase door doesn't fit well. It's warped at the top. If you stand on the third stair you can see through."

"What do you think I am?" he said in a low voice. "Do you want me to jump away from you, sit on the other side of the room, sneak through the back door?"

HE held her closer. Over her fair head he was measuring the distance from the settee to the door, to the poker on the hearth.

"I know what's in your mind, Frank. But you mustn't. It would be murder."

"Murder to kill a man who wants to kill us both? Kill our bodies and souls?"

"It's murder to kill when you can avoid killing. And you can. There's still time. Oh darling, please go! He hasn't seen us yet. That creak was the second stair from the top. He can't see from there."

She moved in his arms, trying to draw away from him, but he held her closer. For this day he had waited ever since he knew her. The day she could be free. But now he knew she would never be free. Not while Godfrey lived.

He waited for the moment when Godfrey would open the door and burst into the room. It would be self-defence. Defence against a drunken maniac.

From the staircase came a louder creak, a slithering, scraping sound. . . . The moment had come. He leapt towards the fireplace. But before he reached it there came a thunderous crash that seemed to shake the whole house.

Quick as he was, Janet reached the door first, lifting the old iron latch.

"Frank!" she said. "Frank, the door won't open. Something's jammed against it."

He put his shoulder against the thin planks. They bent, pushed away from the frame at the top. But the lower part was still firmly wedged. A thin cry, Lucy's waking cry, came from above, and now they both pushed frantically until the door gave by an inch and finally snapped off the upper hinge. He squeezed through and pulled Janet after him.

They had to climb over the gross bulk of Godfrey Starr, wedged in the narrow space between the bottom step and the broken door. Frank put his hands under the massive shoulders and lifted, and as he did so the head lolled sideways on its twisted neck.

A little grinning face was looking at them from the edge of the seventh stair. It was the head of the Laughing Priest, broken from the rounded body that had rolled under Godfrey Starr's foot and sent him headlong to the bottom.

And as they looked, the head teetered over the edge of the stair and rolled down towards them till it rested face upward beside Godfrey's body. Its grin had all the malevolent satisfaction of one who has won the last trick.

END

Have a nicer tea with "Bermaline" bread and butter

Andy AGAIN!

Housework leaves no traces of its grime on hands protected by Andy Household Gloves. Made of the toughest yet softest washable cotton, they will keep your hands dainty for years.

These are the gloves you have heard about

In 3 grades: Lightweight 1/11, Blue cuff 2/9, Coloured Stripe 3/6 per pair. From all Ironmongers and Stores. Or direct, add 3d. per pair postage. Tedson Thornley & Co, Rochdale

Andy Reed. HOUSEHOLD GLOVES

The Runaways (*Continued from page 8*)

"Come out and let's have a squint at you," the voice said.

They crawled out from beneath the caravan and stood up. The baldheaded boxer who had been beating the drum, dressed now in a turtle-neck sweater and old grey trousers, scowled at them as if he hated them.

"What you doing here?"

"We're running away from home," Catherine said.

"We're on our way to Alice Springs," Phil said.

The boxer scratched his shining head, then his face fell in on itself as he smiled. "How you gunna get there?"

"Our ponies are over in the stalls," Phil said. "We're going to ride."

"It's a long way," the boxer said.

"We've got lots of time," Catherine said.

"That you have," the boxer said, and suddenly they saw how old he was. He called to someone in the caravan. "Hey, mates, come and have a look at this."

TWO men came to the doorway of the caravan. They turned their faces to the light behind them and Phil recognized them.

"Young Jackson! And the man who fought him! Who won, Mr. Jackson?"

"Jacko always wins," said the baldheaded boxer. "The other bloke's his young brother."

"You mean it was a put-up fight?" Phil said.

"Yeah," said Young Jackson, and came down the steps of the caravan.

"I'm going back to bed," his brother said. "I got tired chasing you today."

He disappeared again, and the baldheaded boxer turned to Phil and Catherine. "What's your names?"

"We would rather not tell you, if you don't mind," Catherine said. "You might inform our parents of our whereabouts."

The baldheaded boxer screwed his face up, then it relaxed. "Yeah, you're right. I might, too. Don't trust anyone."

"We're not going to," Phil said. "My dad says all you have to be is to thine own self be true."

"His dad didn't say it," Catherine said. "Shakespeare did."

"Who cares?" said the baldheaded boxer. "Anyhow, what's your first names? My name's Chips."

"My name is Guinevere," Catherine said. "His name is Lancelot. We call him Lance for short."

"What do they call you for short?" Young Jackson said.

"I prefer to be called Guinevere," Catherine said. "It's an old family name, isn't it, Lance?"

"Her family is a very old one," Phil said. "Her ancestors came out with the First Fleet."

"Convicts, eh?" Chips said. "I wouldn't skite about that. How about a cuppa tea?"

THEY were sitting on the steps of the caravan drinking tea when three shapes came towards them out of the shadows. Catherine looked up, wondering if some drug had been dropped in her tea, as the grotesque figures floated in on them. From high in the air a voice said: "What you got there, Chips?"

Chips leaned back and spoke to the sky. "This is Guinevere and Lancelot, Lance for short. They're on their way to Alice Springs."

"Overlanders, eh?" said a voice at Catherine's feet, then the middle shape, huge and round, began to shake like a collapsing tent, and the Fattest Girl in the World stepped into the path of light from the caravan's doorway.

"Running away, kids?" she said, and sat down on two packing cases.

"Yes," Phil said. "How did you guess?"

The Tallest Man in the World and the Smallest Man in the World came into the rectangle of light. The Tallest Man folded in sections and sat on the ground, and the Smallest Man perched on his bony lap.

"Every year we have kids who want to run away with us," the Smallest Man said.

"But we hadn't thought of going with you," Catherine said.

"What could we do?" Catherine said. "There's nothing wrong with us." Then she looked quickly at the grown-ups and said: "I'm terribly sorry. My father says I have the most tactless tongue ever put in a mouth. I didn't mean to offend you."

"It's all right, Guinevere," said the Fattest Girl, and shook again with laughter. "We hear it all day, every day."

There was silence for a moment, then Phil said to the Tallest Man: "What's it like to be so tall? Can you see beyond the horizon?"

"He sees nothing," the Smallest Man said. "His head is in the clouds."

The Tallest Man moved his knees and the Smallest Man went tumbling out into the shadows. He came back, his walnut of a face cracked in a grin.

A girl in shorts and a thin cotton sweater came into the light. The men all leaned forward and the Fattest Girl drew back into the shadows.

"Hallo," the girl said, and smiled at everyone. "What's this, a wake?"

"Have a cuppa, Dagmar," Chips said, and darted up into the caravan as if he were only half his age.

"Meet some friends of ours," Young Jackson said. "Guinevere and Lance."

"Hallo, kids," Dagmar said, and sat down on the steps beside them.

"Your face is familiar," Phil said.

"You sound as if you'll grow up into a typical man," Dagmar said, but there was no rancour in her voice. She smiled, and Catherine and Phil both felt drawn to her. She winked, and Catherine recognized her.

"You're the Living Head," Catherine said.

PHIL was shocked. "You mean it's a trick? You really have a body?"

"I'll say she has," said the Smallest Man, and the Tallest Man wrapped a leg round him and pinned him to the ground.

"It's all done with mirrors, kid," Dagmar said. "It's no more true then anything else in the world. But don't be broken-hearted about it, kid. Nothing's worth crying over."

"That's all you know," said the Fattest Girl, and in the shadows they heard her sob.

"You have a beautiful figure," Catherine said to Dagmar. "Wouldn't you earn more money if you exhibited that, instead of just your head?"

"Figures are a bob a dozen, kid," Dagmar said. "It's what men can't see that intrigues 'em."

"All done with mirrors," Phil said to himself, then looked up and saw the two policemen coming into the light.

"The cops!" he yelled, and twisted off the steps and was gone into the shadows. One of the policeman went after him at a run, and the other came on to the bottom of the steps.

"Are you Catherine Brown?" he said.

Catherine put her cup down on the step beside her, and looked politely at the policeman. "Yes. And that was Philip Champion who just rushed away."

"We've just come to take you home, that's all," the policeman said. "Your parents are very worried about you."

"I thought they would be," Catherine said. "But Phil had made up his mind to go, he wanted to see the world, and I had to go with him."

"They've come to no harm," Chips said from the top of the steps. "They're nice kids."

"Thank you." Catherine turned to look up at him, then she looked at Dagmar, the Fattest Girl, the Tallest Man, the Smallest Man and Young Jackson. "I've enjoyed your company, too. It's been most interesting. Some day I'd like you all to meet my mother and father."

Then the second policeman came limping back out of the shadows: the moon had come up above the pavilions and they saw his dark bobbing head before he limped into the light.

"He got away, blast him! Like a flaming rabbit. Whoosh, and he was gone! And I fell over a flaming tent rope, ripped me pants and wrenched me knee. Kids!" He looked at Catherine. "This the other brat?"

"Come now, constable," Dagmar said pleasantly. "This kid's no brat."

"You shouldn't have chased Phil," Catherine said. "You've scared him. He may not come back at all now."

"Shouldn't have chased him, she says." The policeman spat disgustedly. "Tells me my job, and you say she isn't a brat."

"I'm worried about Phil," Catherine said, and suddenly she had flown from the steps, spun round the Fattest Girl, and was running through the moonlight and the blackness. She ran faster than she had ever run before, the fifty yards champion of her school, and behind her the shouts died away among the tents.

SHE slowed down, keeping to the shadows, and walked over to the horse stalls, but Phil wasn't there. Then Catherine got her idea, and turned and sped back to the other side of the Showgrounds.

Phil and the thin motorbike rider were sitting on boxes in the shadow of the huge pit. On the ground beside them a portable radio played soft music. The thin man took the bottle from his lips and said to Catherine "So you've come to join us?

"He nearly had me, till I led him into the rope and he fell over it," Phil said. "Then I came straight here."

"To worship, no doubt," said the thin man, and took another drink. "Ah, courage. The essence of heroism, brewed and bottled by our friends. . . ."

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that," Phil said. "And you shouldn't drink. You won't have a steady eye tomorrow."

Then the radio music stopped and a voice said: "We interrupt this programme to bring you Cobber Champion."

"You can't escape him," said the thin man. "Morning, noon and night. The voice of God's understudy."

"He's supposed to have the best voice on the air," Phil said. "You listen."

But Cobber Champion's voice was just a husky whisper: there wasn't even a hint of the famous confidence. "Friends, my son Phil and his little girl friend, Catherine Brown, have disappeared. An hour ago, two policemen found them at the Showgrounds, but——"

"He sounds worse than usual," said the thin man, and drained his bottle.

"He is under great emotional strain," Catherine said. "Didn't you hear what he said?"

"No, nor care!" The thin man stood up, swaying like a flagstaff in the wind; he leaned forward and evil peered out of the skull of his head. "Have you ever savoured danger?"

Phil leaned back from the face close to his. "I don't know. I don't think——"

"Of course you don't know!" The voice hissed out of the bared teeth. "You're like the rest of them. No guts to do anything yourself, getting your thrills second-hand."

"You're wrong, mister! Gee, I'd give anything to be able to do what you do!"

"You little blood-sucking ghoul! Asking me how many crashes I've had, have I been badly hurt, urging me on to ride, waiting for me to die!"

Phil was crouched into a bewildered ball. "You're wrong, mister! Gee, I wouldn't want you to die!"

The man had grabbed Phil by the shoulder and whipped him to his feet. "You and your heroes! You and the mob you belong to; the gutless masses of the world! Waiting for blood!"

He spun quickly, dragging Phil with him, and the door of the pit slammed shut behind them. Catherine beat on it with her fists, trying to scream but too frightened even to do that, dumb as if she were caught in a nightmare, then suddenly the scream tore out of her throat, but it was lost in the roar

of the motorbike n the pit. She looked wildly about her, but this street was deserted, the tents standing like desert pyramids against the moon, then she had scrambled up the stairs and was looking down into the pit at the Wall of Death.

The moonlight lay halfway across the pit and the motorbike came and went, out of the blackness into the pale blueness, spinning furiously below her like some giant demented bird. Astride it were the man and Phil, and even at such speed and in the split second they were in the moonlight, she could see the terror on Phil's face. The roar of the bike rushed up past her and the walls of the pit shook as if the earth were about to split apart. Round and round the bike flew, faster and faster, till it seemed to be stuck in one place on the moonlit side of the wall, a silver blur and a dead white face, that she knew was Phil's, staring up at her. She turned away and half fell, half-ran down the stairs, sick and frightened and crying, and fell in a heap beside the radio.

"—so if you can hear me, Phil and Catherine, please come home," Cobber Champion whispered in her ear, then the radio was silent and behind her the roar of the motorbike was lessening. The engine shut off suddenly, she heard the bike run down off the wall and then there was silence.

She lay there staring at the door in the pit, unaware of the music beginning again on the radio, unable to breathe for the awful constriction across her chest, then slowly the door opened.

"Phil!"

She was on her feet, holding him up, and behind him she saw the crumpled figure beside the motorbike, the face turned up to the moon like a grinning skull, then they were stumbling away through the shadows, not looking back, running desperately toward the safety of home and the known.

An hour later they were riding through

The Runaways

the downtown city streets. They had come through the city by way of the back streets, riding quietly and slowly, and though they had passed a number of people, no one had stopped them. Now they rode down this silent street between the tall warehouses and above and ahead of them they could see the lights of the bridge that led over the harbour to home.

"Red light," Catherine said, and they brought their ponies to a halt at a cross-street.

"Dad will wallop the daylights out of me," Catherine said. "But I shan't care. Whatever happens at home won't be as bad as tonight."

"I thought I was going to die," Phil said. "And he was just as scared as I was. Only thing was, he was drunk. And I thought he was brave!"

"I can't get over that girl having a body after all." Catherine had regained some of her composure: the best way to cure a sick stomach was to forget about it, her mother had said. "If I'm lucky enough to have a figure like hers when I grow up, I shan't hide it behind mirrors."

"I don't know that I want to grow up," Phil said.

"That's silly," Catherine said. "We've all got to grow up."

"I'm going to put it off as long as I can," Phil said. "I just realised how happy I was this morning."

"Green light," Catherine said. "Let's go home quickly."

They dug in their heels, and the ponies broke into a trot and they went down between the silent, empty buildings, leaving behind them the cold green eye of the traffic light and the echo of the hoofbeats, hollow and a little spurious.

END

Polls And People

(*Continued from page 25*)

(female borrower, but reason for borrowing not specified) and a potato-peeler. When we are depressed we seek solace at the cinema (women) or in the pub and club (guess who). For relaxation half of us read detective stories. Many read newspapers only for advertisements, sport and/or gossip—especially women, which may be why they laugh more. We are all inclined to be sceptical about the printed word: only five per cent believe all they read: Women are twice as gullible as men.

More of us grow *only* flowers than grow only vegetables. Cabbages only just outnumber rhubarb plants, but rockeries beat garden pools by a length or two.

We are not lazy. We get up at seven, (one in three with the help of an alarm-clock); go to bed at eleven. The wife usually has an extra half-hour in bed in the mornings, which is no more than she deserves, seeing that she spends between three and five hours daily around the kitchen, as much as two hours shopping on Fridays and Saturdays, and only very little less on Tuesdays, not to mention the two hours' washing on Monday. In fact the housewife only has about two hours "off duty" a day, usually after supper and [even then she knits or sews. Only one woman in six never sews or knits for her brood.

Women prefer shopping in department stores mainly because of the bigger selection—lower costs are only of secondary importance. The higher the income group, however, the greater the number who go to "madam shops" to get "high-class personal service." At least once a week we buy something, however small, which we don't really need but which "looked so nice" or "might come in useful"—it might be anything from a remnant we eventually use as a rag, to an expensive hat or kitchen gadget.

We are all very particular which brand of chocolate we buy, but few of us are brand-conscious where winter coats, brassières or the menfolk's shirts are concerned. Eighty-four per cent of men's socks and pants are bought by women; hats are the only item men insist on buying alone! When men do the shopping, they spend more money but less time than their wives. Men buy bigger packets; are less influenced by pretty wrapping (but more by pretty assistants).

OUR mantelpiece has undergone a radical change. It carries only six permanent objects compared with prewar's 7·6! The favourite *objet d'art* used to be the china elephant but is now the more graceful pottery horse (now what can *that* mean, psychologically speaking?). The vase has given way to the clock as the most frequent of all mantelpiece item. But we haven't gone all utilitarian. We still prefer flowery cups to simple ones, homely bus-shelters to streamlined ones. Which may or may not have something to do with the fact that one woman in three has aching feet.

Young mothers take the Health Visitors' word for it rather than their own mothers' on how to bring up junior. Books on the subject are all very well but there are too many contradictory ones.

Lucky charms mean a lot to us, phrenology doesn't. Twelve women in every 100 believe there is more in the palm of the hand than meets the layman's eye, but only two men in 100 share that view. Fewer men still agree with the weaker sex's faith in what the teacups tell. We're doubtful about life after death but sure that spanking is a good thing if done by the parents.

And housewives "don't know" more often than any other group. Or would that be a statistical error?

Now, are you odd woman out or do you conform to the norm? And do you think they'll like us in A.D. 2053?

END

WELCOMBE

HOTEL

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON

Shakespeare's genius immortalised not only his memory but the Countryside he knew so well in leafy Warwickshire, especially the beautiful grounds of the Welcombe Hotel, which were once part of his estate.

Open all the year

Enquiries for accommodation will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager

Be REGULAR without EFFORT

Here is good news for those who have trouble in keeping their systems 'regular.'

A special laxative—'Mil-Par'* is now on sale which will give them just the help they need. Actually it is a very fine combination of

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'*
with a selected grade of
MEDICINAL PARAFFIN

'Milk of Magnesia' is, of course, unrivalled as a mild antacid-laxative. Together with Medicinal Paraffin it gives just that lubricating action which ensures 'regularity' without effort—so much better than purging. This is why, for instance, it has been found specially good for expectant or nursing mothers.

Be regular with 'Mil-Par'!

'MIL-PAR' REGD.
FOR
EFFORTLESS
REGULARITY

* *The words 'Mil-Par' and 'Milk of Magnesia' are the registered trade marks of The Chas. H. Phillips Chemical Company Ltd.*

A Cucumber For The Duchess (*Continued from page 24*)

Meggie, 'Meggie,' I said, 'the admiral will be there.' Funny, that's how I always think of you, the admiral, not the Duke. 'For old times' sake I must see him,' I said."

"Yes, well, it's been a great pleasure," said the Duke, reflecting that "Podger" Higgins had not without reason earned his reputation as a notorious and garrulous bore. "Tell me, do you ever see any of the others?"

"Not often," said the commander regretfully. "I saw Moffat once—you remember Moffat? And Turner. . . . But living in the country, you lose touch. I always say that we people on the retired list are back numbers, out of sight, out of mind. "And you, sir? Do you ever see any of them?"

The Duke racked his brain for names and wondered by what happy freak of luck he had remembered that of "Podger" Higgins.

"I'm afraid not," he confessed. "I'm on the retired list myself, and as you say, one loses touch. But they were great days, we should do something about looking each other up."

The commander's jowled face glowed. "Indeed yes, sir. Winter evenings—it's very quiet in the country, the winter evenings are long—I sit and think, and wonder what's happened to all of them."

A DISCREET rattle of china indicated that the Duchess had finished her tea, and judging that she had shown an exemplary patience, the Duke said :

"Well, this has indeed been a great pleasure. We share glorious memories, you and I. Goodbye, my dear Commander, goodbye—and a very happy Christmas to you."

The commander clung to his hand. "And to you, sir," he said fervently. "Goodbye. I can't tell you what this has meant to me. Your Grace . . ."—he bowed with curiously touching dignity to the Duchess.

The Duke frowned, watching him as he turned away, a shortish, corpulent figure, walking with a nautical roll; walking now with squared shoulders and some indescribable flourish, walking back to his garden and his little hothouse, his great day over, just one more memory to add to those which enlivened the winter evenings.

"My dear, would you say I was an insufferable prig?"

"Certainly not, you're a perfect pet," said the Duchess, who skimmed lightly over that which she did not understand. "Incidentally, what are you going to give me for Christmas? Something really rich and rare?"

The Duke grinned at her. "It will have to be rare as you already have every expensive piece of nonsense which a girl could possess."

"Except the emeralds," murmured the Duchess with a sidelong glance.

"Except the emeralds, witch," agreed the Duke, knowing himself already lost.

ON Christmas morning the flat jewel case lay among her piled gifts. She screamed for joy and flung herself into his arms and kissed him and the Duke murmured modestly, "So long as you're pleased, my dear," and reflected that Arne was infinitely more enjoyable transmuted into emeralds for this divinely foolish child who was his wife.

Excitedly she turned over her parcels. "Let me see what else I've had. I do think Christmas is a heavenly time. What on earth is this?"

She picked up a long thin parcel of a peculiar shape. "What do you think it is?"

"Open it," the Duke advised.

Eagerly she slipped off the string, tore away the brown paper, and revealed a splendid cucumber. She stared at it blankly, then she looked up at him with puzzled eyes.

"A cucumber? Why should anyone send me a cucumber? Do you think it's a joke?"

She tossed it carelessly to one side while the Duke stood quite still hearing the echo of a rather hoarse voice saying :

"I have a little hothouse."

He found the card which had accompanied the cucumber.

"With best wishes for Christmas from Horace Higgins. Commander. (Retd.) R.N."

"You didn't read this," he said.

She raised her face from a box of red roses. "What? Oh, the cucumber. Does it say who sent it?"

She glanced at the card. "Well, that dreary little man, now why do you suppose he should send me a cucumber for Christmas?"

"You don't remember? You said you liked cucumber very much. You said, 'It's my favourite fruit.'"

SHE looked a little anxiously into his impassive face, sensing the shadow of disapproval.

"But darling, that didn't mean anything. It was just something to say—nonsense . . . I can't think that he'd remember that."

"I should imagine that he has remembered and treasured every word that you spoke."

"Well, it's sweet of him," said the Duchess, perceiving that something was required. Then she giggled, gesturing towards the laden table. "But it's funny, isn't it? Emeralds—and these roses, and Italian gloves, and Fragonard perfume—and a cucumber !"

"I don't find it very funny," said the Duke and he wondered, as he occasionally did, what madness had induced him to marry her; and in the same moment, looking at the apple-blossom of her cheeks and the smooth golden fall of her hair, he knew the answer.

"Now you're cross," she said sliding her arm through his and drawing herself close to his side. "Now I've said something stupid and you're cross."

"Not really," said the Duke, "Not with you. Only a little bothered. It's so, so almost unbearably moving. You don't feel that, do you? I find it quite unbearable. I must do something about him."

"But what?" she said with one of her startling sudden flashes of perception. "So many people are poorish, a bit miserable about something, just plodding along, making the best of things."

"But I could choose one or two," the Duke said. "One or two whom I know are a bit miserable. Higgins, for example. I could do something about Higgins."

"Well, I leave it to you," said the Duchess.

WHY hadn't he thought of sending a Christmas card? Only a week or two had passed since the reception at Arne yet he had completely forgotten. But the commander had remembered. He had turned over in his mind the Duchess's flippant and faintly insolent remark, "It's my favourite fruit," he'd gone into his little hothouse, carefully selected the most handsome cucumber.

"The Duchess told me that she's very fond of cucumber," he'd say. Abruptly the Duke turned from the table with its load of expensive gifts. He went into his study and closed the door and sat down at the desk which had been made when Charles II was king. His hand moved over the smooth mother-of-pearl inlay; his glance rested on the long curtains of claret velvet, further, on the shaven forecourt where Elizabethan gentlemen and their ladies had strolled and gossiped. The long windows opened on to a flagged terrace which melted into shallow steps flanked by wrought iron link posts. The administration of his estates kept him busy, he had a wide and interesting social life, he undertook public duties.

So he had everything; his days were amply filled, his present was as absorbing and as satisfying as his past had been; there was no need for him to sit on a winter evening dreaming regretfully of wild windy days and stormy nights aboard Pomeroy.

But what, as the Duchess said, could one do? It wasn't his fault. He shrugged and opening a drawer, he reached for his cheque book. "A Christmas present from the Duke with many thanks for the kind thought."

Then he slammed the drawer shut. But that wouldn't do. He was filled with savage and humiliating self-disgust. The commander was relatively poor, no doubt, but a gift of money, even though it bore the insignia of Christmas could but reveal the most hardened misunderstanding.

A cucumber for the Duchess. You could laugh, as the Duchess had laughed, because she was young and had not learned understanding, because she had not yet perceived the "Pity at the heart of things"; or you could weep. . . . Poverty was not the worst of it; there were those long winter evenings of brooding over the great days of the past, and therein lay that which made the commander a figure of tragedy. All glory, the hot thrill of danger, the joy of companionship lay in the past; the present was no more than a pottering in his garden.

Perhaps I'm a sentimental old fool, the Duke reflected, drawing towards him a sheet of crested notepaper.

"My dear Commander," he wrote, "I thank you very much indeed for your Christmas gift to the Duchess, who was inexpressibly touched by your kind thought. . . ."

His lips gave a small ironic twitch. Oh well. Time enough later to persuade the Duchess into that frame of mind. She'd look at him with her sea-green eyes and presently, when she had listened to his quiet guileful words, she'd nod her head.

"I know, it was the kindest thought, wasn't it? I was terribly touched."

". . . It gave me more pleasure than I can tell you to meet one of my old shipmates again."

He paused, holding his pen poised, hesitated, then with a resolute dash he continued : ". . . But we had only a few moments together and I have been wondering whether you could find the time to pay us a short visit at Malyon early in the New Year. Do let me know what dates would be convenient. . . ."

Sighing a little, he sealed the envelope. There was nothing much you could do, but you could sometimes do a little, a very little, if you had a mind to.

THE commander, on receipt of the letter made a triumphal tour of the village, proudly showing the crested sheet and the signature "Arne" to all disbelievers. He was well aware that they listened with dubious smiles to his tales of storm and battle and sudden death, he knew that some even went so far as to question his right to his title of commander; even Meggie had been doubtful about the propriety of a cucumber for the Duchess. Here, he flourished the paper before Mrs. Rowe, the postmistress, the most poisonous among the disbelievers, here then were vindication and triumph.

"You see, read it," he pointed with a podgy finger, "He invites me to Malyon. I told you he knew me immediately, knew my name. That was just like him, he knew us all. In the mess, I remember, he'd wander round having a word with everybody, none of this business of talking to nobody but the higher ranks. We . . . it just shows you—I shall be off to Malyon one of these days."

Some time in the New Year, not too early; he wouldn't want to appear too eager, and he wanted to enjoy beforehand, for as long as possible, the pleasure of anticipating and talking about the visit. A shining thread from the glorious past ran through the unacknowledged tedium of the present linking it with the bright future.

As he progressed with that nautical roll along the village street the west wind against his face and the tang of the blown salt spray, he was the commander, and in his pocket, beneath his hand, lay an invitation from his admiral. . . .

END

1.2.53

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by Odhams (Watford), Ltd., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts, and published monthly by the Proprietors, British National Newspapers, Ltd., Ingram House, 195-198 Strand, London, W.C.2. Advertisement Offices, Ingram House, 195-198 Strand, London, W.C.2. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Sec. 397 P.L.&R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Sole Agents for South Africa : Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand : Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America : The International News Co., Ltd.

Step by step you build up your room's new colour scheme, choosing your fabrics and wallpaper together *in Sanderson's showrooms.*

SANDERSON

OF BERNERS STREET

wallpapers and fabrics

ARTHUR SANDERSON & SONS LTD., 52-53 BERNERS STREET, LONDON, W.1. 6-7 NEWTON TERRACE, GLASGOW, C.3.

Cussons

Blue Hyacinth

EXQUISITE TOILET SOAP AND TALCUM POWDER

Announcement of CUSSONS SONS & CO. LTD, 84 BROOK STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON W1